

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

NO. 16.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

**NORTH.**  
6:02 A. M. Daily.  
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.  
9:26 A. M. Daily.  
12:48 P. M. Daily.  
4:53 P. M. Daily.  
5:54 P. M. Daily.  
9:56 P. M. Daily.  
9:11 P. M. Daily.

**SOUTH.**  
12:20 A. M. Daily.  
6:45 A. M. Daily.  
7:33 A. M. Daily.  
12:10 P. M. Daily.  
2:33 P. M. Daily.  
7:03 P. M. Daily.

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 6:45 12:10  
" South..... 2:33 12:48  
"..... 6:56

## MAIL CLOSES.

South..... 8:55 12:25  
"..... 6:15 6:25  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

**JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT**  
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City  
**TREASURER**  
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City  
**TAX COLLECTOR**  
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City  
**DISTRICT ATTORNEY**  
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City  
**ASSESSOR**  
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City  
**COUNTY CLERK**  
H. W. Schaberg.....Redwood City  
**COUNTY RECORDER**  
John F. Johnston.....Redwood City  
**SHERIFF**  
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City  
**AUDITOR**  
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City  
**SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS**  
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City  
**CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR**  
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City  
**SURVEYOR**  
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

## NOBLE GERMAN IN HUMBLE OCCUPATIONS

Authority Claims That Every Family is Represented in America.

Berlin.—Von Norddegg, an eminent authority on German aristocracy, in the annual edition of the Almanac of Nobility, states that practically every blue-blooded family in the German empire is now represented in the United States by descendants who are engaged, for the most part, in humble employments, mostly as waiters, coachmen, bartenders, or as miners or other common laborers. He urges the German noble families to provide such training for their sons as will fit them for commercial and professional lives before the family fortunes are exhausted. Only in this way, he says, can they prevent young men from emigrating and besmirching their family escutcheons.

## Negroes Killed By White Men.

Waycross, Ga.—Meager details of a riot that occurred between two white men and a crowd of negroes at Beach's still has reached here. Two negroes are said to have been killed and nine others wounded, one of them mortally. Three of the wounded were women, but their injuries are not serious. The shooting was done while a negro festival was in progress.

The report is that two white men, well known in the section, went to the festival, and, after having a little difficulty with some of the negroes, locked the two doors of the building in which the negroes were dancing and commenced firing into the crowd with shotguns. The house was quickly cleared of all except the wounded, and the white men are said to have entered the building and tied the dead and wounded together.

Seeking equality with man, woman sinks to his level.

## EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important and Interesting Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

## THE LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's News in a Form Appreciated By All Busy Readers.

It is announced that a general strike of workmen has been declared at Barcelona, Spain. The workmen of Manresa, Salten and other places have decided to join in the strike.

The disastrous effect of the prolonged drought in New South Wales, Australia, is exemplified by the stock returns just published which shows a shrinkage during 1902 of 16,000,000 sheep and 275,000 head of cattle.

The United States quarantine officials have declared Manila to be free from cholera, thus ending a quarantine which has lasted nearly a year. Though cholera has disappeared from Manila, it is still epidemic in parts of the islands.

Detectives at Dresden, Saxony, are watching every train from the south for former Crown Princess Louise, who, it is feared, may return to see her little son, who is dangerously ill. It is understood the detectives have been instructed to detain the Crown Princess if she crosses the border.

Scattered bands of ladrones in Cavite, Risal and Bulacan provinces, who had formed a junction near Polo Bulacan to the number of 400, attacked and defeated thirty of the constabulary last Monday. The constables retreated and afterward returned reinforced, whereupon the ladrones fled.

Four firemen are dead and ten others are said to be seriously ill from the effects of inhaling the fumes of nitric acid while fighting a fire at the plant of the Schwab Stamp and Seal Company at Milwaukee, Wis. The victims of the disaster were not overcome for many hours after the fire, when one by one they succumbed.

Advices received at Aden, Arabia, from Obbia, on the Somali coast of East Africa, says that the Italian Consul there on January 29th invited Yusuf Ali, the Sultan of Obbia, and his eldest son on board an Italian gunboat, where they were detained. This, it is pointed out, removes one of the chief difficulties in the British arrangements for an advance against the Mad Mullah.

Secretary Hay has transmitted to the Senate a report made by T. J. Jones on the subject of earthquakes along the line of the Nicaraguan canal route. Jones made a tour of the route last autumn as a special agent of the State Department to investigate the reports of seismic disturbances. He says he found no evidence of any such phenomena as in any way would disturb the canal, if constructed.

Chicago is in the center of a furious blizzard that grips the Middle West. Snow and sleet and rain, aided by a fierce northeast gale that at one time attained a velocity of fifty miles an hour, blotted Chicago from the map so far as communication with the outside world was concerned all through the day and even well into the night. Telegraph and telephone wires were down in every direction and it was equally impossible to get messages either in or out of the city except here and there in the West.

Sir Marcus Samuels, Lord Mayor of London, has begun suit in the Supreme Court there to recover about \$10,500, which he alleges is due him for breach of contract from the Fries Breslin Company, importers of New York. The importers ordered a quantity of rugs and matings from a number of Japanese manufacturers through Sir Marcus Samuels' store in Kobe, Japan, and they allege that owing to the inferior quality of the first of these importations they were obliged to refuse consignments.

A monument has been erected in Nuuanu cemetery, Honolulu, to the memory of Etta Friel, a fifteen-year-old girl who was burned to death last October, after she had refused to

leave her mother and save herself. The fire was incendiary, and occurred early on the morning of October 30th. The last that was seen of the young girl alive was when she was heard to tell her mother she would not leave her, and both perished. A subscription for a monument was started among the young people, and a marble piece, suitably inscribed, has been placed above the little girl's grave.

Advices received at Victoria, B. C., by the steamer Empress of China tell of the capture of four Japanese and an American named Thompson, hunters of the Japanese sealing schooner Ishikawa Maru, at Robben Island, the sealers being alleged to be raiders. The sealers were captured by the garrison of Cossacks on the island and taken to Vladivostok, where they were sentenced to fourteen months' imprisonment. The imprisoned sealers have taken steps to protest against their confinement through the Japanese Commercial Commissioner at Vladivostok. Before his intervention the prisoners fared badly. When they landed on Robben Island they had only a Japanese flag and a piece of cloth saturated in kerosene, but no firearms.

Coleman Younger, survivor of three brothers, who were sentenced to life imprisonment because of connection with the bank robbery and murder at Northfield, Minn., in 1876, has been granted a full pardon by the Minnesota State Board of Pardons on condition that he promise never to place himself on exhibition and that he leave the State of Minnesota, never to return voluntarily. The youngest brother, Bob, died in the penitentiary ten years ago, of consumption. Nearly two years ago Coleman and James were paroled under the terms of a new law enacted for their special benefit. Last fall, discouraged by poor health and his inability under the law to marry the woman of his choice, Jim shot and killed himself in his room in St. Paul. Cole's friends some time ago sought his full pardon, but their petition was denied. Recently he fled a petition on his own behalf, and this has now been granted.

## Drops Dead in Chico.

Chico.—William Bragg, a native of Maine, aged 45 years, and an upholsterer by trade, dropped dead in the furniture store of Thomas Bicknell. From letters found on his person it was learned that he has one brother at Angel's Camp and one at McCloud.

## BRAZILIANS TAKE

## IMPORTANT POINT

Troops Capture Puerto Alonzo Where is a Bolivian Custom-house.

Rio Janeiro.—The Acre dispute between Brazil and Bolivia is becoming more serious. Dispatches received here from Manaus, on the Rio Negro, a branch of the Amazon, say the Brazilian forces under Colonel Ibanos have captured Puerto Alonzo, in Acre, where Bolivia has heretofore maintained a customhouse. The Brazilians captured 300 prisoners and took them to Manaus, where they were released by the Governor.

The correspondence on the subject of Acre, published here, consisting of letters exchanged between the Brazilian Foreign Minister and the Brazilian Minister to Bolivia, indicates that an offer of arbitration was made by Brazil to Bolivia, but President Pando of the latter country declared that the only arbitration possible was the marching of troops to Acre. Brazil, therefore, determined to send a strong force of troops southward and occupy the disputed region after first notifying Peru, which also claims a part of Acre.

## Dies in a Barber Chair.

San Diego.—J. B. Gitchell, aged 76, answered the call of death while he was waiting in a barber's chair at National City for the barber to cut his hair. Gitchell's daughter is one of the teachers in the National City schools, and he had come out here from his home in Minnesota for his health. He had been at the Public Library, and on his way home he stopped at the barber shop to have his hair cut. The barber turned to pick up his shears, and was horrified when he again looked to see that his customer's head had fallen on his breast, and that he was dead. Heart disease was the probable cause of his death.

The wise father will try to bring up his children in the way that he should have gone.

## BULGARIA CALLS ON THE POWERS FOR ASSISTANCE

Ask That Warlike Preparations of Turks Be Brought to An End.

## Macedonian Leaders Are in the Field

England Thinks the Situation in the Balkans Very Grave and Believes the Outbreak Will Take Place in a Few Weeks.

Sofia.—Having received official information regarding Turkey's decision to mobilize two army corps at Adrianople and Monastir, the Bulgarian Government has addressed representations to the powers invoking their good offices at Constantinople to procure the cessation of the Turkish military preparations.

Vienna.—It is asserted here that Bulgaria is determined to invade Turkey in the event of an insurrection in Macedonia, and that the Macedonian element in Bulgaria is so strong that nothing can prevail against it. Preparations for a great rising are proceeding openly. Four hundred officers in the Bulgarian army are asking for a prolonged leave, which will not be refused in order to assist the rising in Macedonia. It is reiterated that seven bands, aggregating 6000 men, already have been formed. The bands will spread throughout Macedonia under daring leaders, and it is calculated that they will soon be reinforced a hundred-fold.

The unusually mild weather now prevailing in the Balkans is held to favor an early outbreak, the only difficulty being the lack of funds, which it is intended to overcome by the forcible levy of a patriotic tax on Macedonians. It is further asserted that if Bulgaria is unsuccessful she is assured of Russian support.

Constantinople.—The plan for the proposed reforms in Macedonia, which the Russian and Austrian Embassies will present to the Porte is understood to contain no proposal of a political character, both Austria and Russia desiring the maintenance of the status quo. The scheme simply proposes palliative administrative measures.

## "The Great Northwest" in the Century.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, one of the most popular of the younger American magazine writers, has just returned to the East from a trip of several months through the northwestern States, during which he has been gathering material for a series of articles on "The Great Northwest," which will begin in the March Century. The story of the growth of the cities, how the mighty wheat farms are managed, the mining industries, cattle-raising—all will be told in Mr. Baker's crisp and picturesque way, with striking illustrations by Edward L. Blumenschein, who accompanied the writer on his journey. The first article, which will appear in the March Century, to be issued February 28th, tells of the striking things to be seen in Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and thereabouts.

## BIG EXPEDITION TO COPPER RIVER.

One Thousand Men Will Be Sent to Push Development Work on New Strike.

Tacoma, Wash.—The steamship Valencia has sailed carrying to Valdes the largest expedition ever sent into the Copper river country. It consists of 100 men, 75 horses and 400 tons of provisions, all destined for the newly discovered Mazina placers and the copper district located 185 miles inland from Valdes. Two hundred men more are to be engaged at Valdes, and it is intended to increase the number to at least 1000 before the summer is over. The expedition is sent forth by the Chitina Development Company, controlled by Robert Blei, J. D. Meenach and Herman Meyer, who own 200 claims in the Mazina district. It is their intention to push development work this summer with the object of determining beyond a question the extent and value of the new strike.

It will require two trips from Valdes to move the supplies into the interior. The ice will break before the second trip can be finished, and the remainder of the supplies will then have to be packed over the trail.

## MONTANA CATTLE LOSSES HEAVY.

Crust on the Snow in Northern Part of State Prevents Stock from Getting Feed.

Tacoma, Wash.—W. H. Huston, who has been on a business trip through the northern part of Montana during the past ten days, reports that the cattle losses in Northern Montana and Southern Canada will be heavier this winter than for years. Three weeks ago there was a heavy fall of snow in this territory. This in itself was not alarming, for Montana cattle are accustomed to root through the snow and get their feed. Usually there is not much ice on the streams and they are able to get all they want to drink, or in the event of there being no streams open, the frequent chinooks form pools, from which they can get water.

Following this last storm there was a chinook for two days, but this was not sufficient to take away the snow. It melted about half and then a severe frost came on. A crust was formed on top, and this became so hard that it was impossible for the cattle to break through to the grass. Huston reports seeing hundreds of cattle whose noses were masses of bleeding flesh from rooting in the crust in a vain endeavor to get through to obtain feed.

## The Oldest City in the World.

No city in the East presents more charming pictures of Oriental life and color than Damascus; and no other city contains so many magnificent private houses, whose shaded courts and luxurious chambers take us back in fancy to the enchanted period of Oriental splendor celebrated in the "Arabian Nights." But, however luxurious the houses, the gardens of Damascus have even greater charm, and they are not only profusely scattered throughout the city, but they stretch for miles around, where the waters have rescued almost a province from the desert. "Damascus," says a writer in the February Cosmopolitan, "has had a longer continuous existence than any city that is standing in the world to-day. Over this garden spot of the desert there has been eternal conflict. Bloodshed has been its portion, and century after century has witnessed battle without and massacre within its walls." The article quoted is entertainingly written, and it is illustrated with a striking series of photographs.

## DUN'S REVIEW OF

## BUSINESS CONDITIONS

## Retail Dealings in Most Staples

Are Fully Sustained, Especially Wearing Apparel.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Vigorous vitality is conspicuous in industry, despite the handicap of overstrained and lamentably inadequate facilities for transportation. Concentrated efforts to reduce the congestion at a few favored points apparently intensified the blockade elsewhere and inclement weather added a new disturbing factor to an already complicated situation. Every possible method is being adopted to improve conditions, enormous sums are appropriated for extension, yet accidents and losses are frequent.

Labor disputes are more numerous, although not prevalent to any extent in the leading industries. As the season advances there is notable activity in building trades, with the customary acceleration of inquiry for materials. Retail dealings in most staples are fully sustained, especially of seasonable wearing apparel, but distribution at many points has suffered through weather conditions. Wholesale and jobbing trade is steadily improving, although deliveries cannot be guaranteed.

It would have occasioned no surprise had the cost of living materially advanced during the midwinter months. In addition to the seasonal influence of low temperature and consequent restriction of production in some lines, there were numerous factors in evidence calculated to aggravate the situation.

Failures in the United States were 239 this week, against 263 last week. In Canada 32, against 30 last week.

## Killed by His Companion.

Auburn.—William Jones was accidentally killed by his cousin, George Jones, at Applegate. The two had been hunting and on their way home stopped at a winery. George was overcome, and falling down, his gun was discharged, killing William Jones instantly. The dead man leaves a wife and nine children.

## An American Steel Magnate's Gift to India.

Calcutta.—The gift of \$100,000 which Henry Phipps, director of the Carnegie Steel Company, handed to Lord Curzon on February 1st for some practical or scientific research of enduring benefit to India will be devoted to the establishment of an agricultural laboratory in Cashmere and a Pasteur institute in Southern India. The Government will give the sites for these institutions, and will assist in maintaining the first and will wholly maintain the second institution.

## Nevada Miner Falls Four Hundred Feet.

Salt Lake.—Charles Karlson, a miner who was brought to this city and placed in a hospital, had a marvelous escape from death in a mine at Golconda, Nev. Karlson fell down a 400-foot shaft and in his descent struck several obstructions, to which he undoubtedly owes his life. He landed on his feet and with such force that the leg bones were driven up into his body. He is frightfully injured, but the doctors say his case is not hopeless.

## Hanged Himself to the Cell Bars.

Los Angeles.—Amelia Schulte, or Schuff, an insane woman, who created a disturbance at the Hotel Rosslyn recently and who was locked up by the police, has committed suicide. Her body, stiff and cold in death, was found suspended by the neck from the bars across the window in the "insane cell" in the women's department of the City Prison by the assistant matron when she made her rounds.

## Jealous Husband Shoots His Wife.

Leadville.—Valentine Casagrande, a miner, shot his wife twice, inflicting probably mortal wounds, and then committed suicide. The couple were separated. Jealousy was the cause of the tragedy.

**The People's Store**  
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,  
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store  
in San Mateo County that **SELLS**

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;  
Boots and Shoes;  
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;  
Crockery and Agate Ware;  
Hats and Caps.

**AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.**

Give Us a Call  
and be Convinced.

**M. F. HEALEY,**  
Hay, Grain and Feed. || ||  
Wood and Coal. || || ||

**Cumber Yard**  
ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,  
South San Francisco, Cal.

**Cyrus Noble**

The World famous  
American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of  
the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.



# THE ENTERPRISE

**B. E. CUNNINGHAM,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

He who steals my purse steals trash on any day but pay day.

It is sweet to see that the kaiser is wearing a glove on his mailed fist.

Swearing off is much like a lovers' quarrel—it is so much fun making up again.

The Monroe doctrine isn't going to hurt anybody who doesn't monkey with it.

The modern version is, peace on earth, good will to men and presents for the women and children.

Though the young husband may be willing to attend his wife's church, he insists on voting as heretofore.

Dr. Lorenz must have had his "ethics" all shot to smithereens by the advertising he has had in this country.

The Czar has pardoned 131 students who were exiled for having a high old time on his birthday. What a kind man!

Thomas B. Reed was truly a great man. He left a simple will, in which there was no provision for cutting anybody off.

A man has been placed under bonds to keep him from kicking his wife with his wooden leg. But perhaps he can learn to stand on the artificial member while the other one swings.

A policeman has been fined ten days' pay for borrowing an umbrella from a Chinaman. What a lot of lost days there would be if everyone who borrows umbrellas were to be treated in this fashion!

Lillie Devereux Blake says: "There is no reason why a woman should not support a husband if she thinks he is worthy." Let the men go on hopelessly now and learn to take proper care of the babies.

The Chicago bureau of charities declares that 400 wives in that city lost their husbands last year because the wives did not know how to cook. It should be explained in this connection that not all these husbands were killed. Some of them saved themselves by running away.

Some life insurance companies appear to entertain the fixed conviction that every policy holder who dies is a suicide who takes his own life in order to beat the company. If this attitude be maintained much longer it is likely seriously to interfere with the writing of life insurance policies.

Suggestion to the Postoffice Department, which is trying to find an improvement on the device now used by fast trains for catching and discharging mail-bags without stopping: Why not employ the pitchers and catchers of baseball nines? It would not take them long to "get on to the curves" of the mail bags.

This thing of sending a friend a present of a box of candy or a bottle of wine containing two or three ounces of strychnine is becoming somewhat too fashionable. Whatever may be said in defense of the crime of the poisoner. His is the deed of the true assassin—premeditated, treacherous and cruel. Hangings is an inadequate punishment for him.

J. Ogden Armour, whose little daughter was recently saved from a life of suffering by an operation, will express his gratitude in a form at once practical and beautiful. The little girl was treated for congenital dislocation of the hip by the German surgeon, Doctor Lorenz. Mr. Armour has now announced his intention of building and endowing, at an expense of three million dollars, an institution where the children of the poor can be treated for the same deformity without charge. "My daughter has practically been given back to me," he says, "and my wife and I are grateful. Other parents are joyless because their children are afflicted with the same trouble. I want to make them happy, too." Could there be a better expression of gratitude than this?

More than one literary man who prides himself upon his achievements will be forgotten before the world loses memory of George Alfred Henty, the English writer of boys' books, who died the other day. Mr. Henty did good service in his generation. As a soldier and as a war correspondent he had led an adventurous life all over the earth; he knew the countries of which he wrote, he had a fondness for facts, he honored the old-fashioned virtues of courage and integrity, and he put information and inspiration as well as "story" into his books. It is no small distinction to have provided instruction and ideals for the boys of the English race. Statesmen as well as authors might envy the man who was equal to that work.

In 1879 the corn crop record of this country reached the highest notch it had ever attained. As a result, the supply exceeded the demand, there was a congestion of corn, the price went tumbling and millions of bush-

els were used as the cheapest fuel that the farms of the West afforded. In 1902 the record of corn production was again broken. But there is no longer any ill effect to be feared. There is no congestion, no disastrous slump in price. There is market for it all. What American can not use Europe eagerly wants. World wide commerce has solved the problem and made a bountiful crop a real blessing to the farmers who formerly found it a burden. The peoples of other lands have been taught the virtue of maize and commercial relations have made them steady customers. More and more each year Europe and Asia and Africa and South America become dependent upon the great farms of the United States.

The announcement of the death of Jessie Benton Fremont in California, with whose early fortunes both she and her husband, Gen. John C. Fremont, were closely identified, will hardly affect the present generation, which knows little about this once brilliant woman. Indeed, the interest in her life now is purely reminiscent; but her death will bring up many interesting memories to those whose recollections go back half a century and who will recall her as the handsome, dashing, high spirited wife of Lieut. Fremont and daughter of Senator Benton. She was the young lieutenant's support and inspiration in that famous exploration which made him known all over the country as "the Pathfinder." She was the wife of the first Republican candidate for the presidency, and had Fremont been elected she would have had a brilliant court at the White House, over which she would have presided in queenly style. She was honored at European courts, where her wit and beauty made her a social sensation. She was the belle of many cities, a general favorite in an unusually wide circle of distinguished acquaintances, and a born social leader, but the defeat of her husband's political ambitions and other misfortunes which overtook him deprived her of the opportunity to fill positions in which she would have shone. The society queen, once dethroned, is soon forgotten, and such was Mrs. Fremont's fate.

What is the use of being pessimistic? Did pessimism ever do you any good? Did it ever do your neighbor any good? What if the coal is low in the bins and the money slack in the pockets? Worrying about it will not fill either of them, but getting down to hard work this minute, keeping at work, and above all, working the right way, will. Every minute idly spent wondering and worrying and speculating as to what is going to happen is a minute worse than wasted. Hard luck is a phantom; laziness is a fact. Don't be lazy and you will not have hard luck. Life is a class in mathematics. Work according to the rule and stick to it, and you will solve the problem. When you are feeling glum, down in the mouth, discouraged and generally out of sorts, remember the gospel of good nature. Then put it in practice. Stop thinking about yourself and your troubles. Do something for the other fellow. The result may surprise you. You thought, possibly, that he was a bear, but, even if he is, he knows the milk of human kindness when he tastes it. A smile is contagious. Perhaps you never thought of that. You knew that fear was catching, that discontent traveled like wildfire, that sickness be- got sickness. We all acknowledge these things and we all know the deadly results. Why not change the thought? Why not recognize that confidence in the future, happiness and good health are also contagious? It was a wise philosopher who said, "Thoughts are things." It was a good philosopher who declared, "As a man thinketh, so is he." "Practice makes perfect" is a saying the truth of which is axiomatic. Sow optimism, practice good nature, and you will reap peace, joy and contentment. No one can make you unhappy if you refuse to be unhappy. Try it and see if it does not work.

**A Self-Contained Crowd.**  
James O'Neill, the actor, tells of meeting a man who was indeed a "host in himself." It was in the far West. Mr. O'Neill one day found himself at a small station, where he would have to wait several hours for another train. A New York paper prints the story:

"Sort of dull place," the conductor said to him, as he descended. "Still, you'll have company; the ticket agent, the operator, the flagman, the storekeeper, the postmaster, and the agent of the accident insurance company are all inside."

Mr. O'Neill entered the station and looked round. In the dim light he could distinguish only a red-haired man at a telegraph instrument.

"Where are the others?" the actor asked.

"Other what?" said the man.

"Why, the ticket agent, the flagman, the postmaster and the rest."

The man grinned.

"Where are they?" Mr. O'Neill repeated.

The red-haired man grinned again.

"I'm um; come in and join us," he answered.

**Warning to Young People.**

Wiesbaden intends to warn young persons from plays that are not suited to them. The theater management has decided to advertise plays that they may see with white posters, while those they should keep away from are printed on red paper.

**A Business Proposition.**

Pedestrian—You have my heartfelt sympathy.

Beggar—Well, I'll discount for cash.

—Detroit Free Press.

## A BARBAROUS PEOPLE

**CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INHABITANTS OF MOROCCO.**

**Stagnant Land of Northern Africa Torn by Revolt—Naturally a Garden Spot, but Cursed by Misgovernment and Wild Fanaticism.**

The revolt in Morocco, led by a religious fanatic and pretender, Omar Zarahuni, against the modern-minded Sultan, Mulai Abdul Aziz, has assumed such proportions as to alarm the powers of Europe and has brought about a revival of interest in this ever-turbulent country.

The sultanate of Morocco, at "the gates of Europe," is the most north- westernly of the African kingdoms and covers an area about equal to that of the State of Texas. Its north- ern and western coasts are washed by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ocean, while on the east it is hemmed in by Algeria and on the south by the desert of Sahara. The monoton- ous of its surface is broken by the Atlas Mountains, an irregular range extending through the country from the northeast to the southwest, afford- ing a barrier against the hot winds from the great desert. Several smaller chains break up the country between the main range and the Atlantic into fertile valleys and plains. Many of the most elevated peaks of North Africa are found in the Atlas Moun- tains, and the summits of these are always capped with snow, the chilling winds that blow from them down into the valleys, oftentimes making bitter cold the nights that follow upon days of extreme heat. In these mountains are the sources of many rivers— streams that are as wild and unman- ageable as the tribes that drink from



MOORS DEFY THE AUTHORITY OF THEIR SULTAN.

them. Many of these torrents spend their fury in the spring and early sum- mer and are then lost sight of in the sand.

**Stagnant Land and People.**  
Agriculture in Morocco is a very primitive state and but a small part of the arable land is cultivated, owing to the innate indolence of the people and the lack of encouragement from the



SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

government. Famines are not uncom- mon and during the best times the production is scarcely enough to sup- ply the wants of the people. Yet, un- der proper conditions of education and government, Morocco could be- come one of the most productive re- gions in the world. Domestic animals are numerous and the wealth of many of the tribes consists entirely in their flocks and herds. From the skin of the native goats the celebrated Mor-occo leather is made, and this forms the chief occupation of the country.

The people of Morocco may be di- vided into five races, Berbers, Arabs, Moors, Jews and negroes. The Ber- bers, who are the aborigines, live in the mountains, and are a race of ex- cellent physical development. They are courageous, resolute and temper- ate, making the best of warriors and hunters. The Arabs, who compose the greater part of the rural popula- tion, are also of fine physical build but are fanatics of jealous disposition. They are not prosperous and are fre- quently at variance with the govern- ment. The Moors, who are largely of Spanish extraction, inhabit the cities and towns. Neither in body nor mind are they strong, and they occupy their time in pleasure and idleness. The Jews are more ignorant than their brethren in other countries, but are shrewd and enterprising, many of them possessing great wealth. The majority of them are engaged in com- merce. The negroes are slaves, or de- scendants of slaves brought from Cen- tral Africa. They are fairly intelli- gent, but are more stubborn and ma- licious than the Moors and Arabs, with which two races they intermarry to a great extent. In general the people of Morocco are barbarous and fierce. Outlawry is common among those who live on the plains, but they

do not assassinate strangers and trav- elers and theft is seldom accompanied by murder.

**Enslaved by the Koran.**  
Morocco is divided into a number of provinces, in each of which are from two to fifteen small tribes. Each of these tribes has its representatives who, when united form the council for the province. All governmental law comes from the precepts of the Kor- an, through the guiding hand of the Sultan. The religion of Morocco is Mohammedanism, Christian mission- aries having made no great inroads there as yet.

Of the cities, Fez, Morocco and Me- quinez are the most important. The Sultan has palaces in the first two and spends part of his time in each. The cities are enclosed by walls, the gates of which are closed at night. The streets have no names and the houses are without numbers.

Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz is a young man of great physical strength. He is a good horseman, a keen huntsman, and is fond of manly sports. He is well educated and speaks French flu- ently.

### CURE FOR A KICKING COW.

**There Are Many Prescriptions, but the Subjoined Is Recommended.**

An old farmer—old enough to know better—says that the way to cure a cow of kicking is to catch her by the leg just as she is about to kick. She should be grasped firmly, as close to the hoof as possible, and the grip must not relax until the kicking impulse is over. Of course the kick must be headed off, as it were, and not met half way, nor even three-quarters way. It is a good idea to get the hired man to accustom himself to this simple fact, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that a good hired man can easily be spoiled by careless inat- tention to directions.

At first it might be well to use a

cowcatcher or possibly an ordinary fender, together with a catcher's mask and padded gloves. Naturally it will be well to conceal your appearance from the cow as much as possible, be- cause so many cows are timid and easily scared by strange objects. Then when the cow slightly raises her hoof and shivers apprehensively along the ankle don't wait for further develop- ments, but grasp the lower leg firmly and hang on for dear life.

A man named Mullins had a kicking cow of fourteen horse-power and some- body told him about the grab-the-leg cure. Mullins told it to his hired man. The hired man had had the milking stool kicked from under him several times and the milk pail battered into scrap tin and he said he would be glad to try the recipe. So he put on a pil- low for a chest protector and jumped for the leg as soon as he saw the pre- monitory symptoms.

"Well, sir, he went through the stable window as neat as you please, tak- ing the sash along with him. When Mullins reached him he was as dazed as a mudlark.

"Nearquake?" he feebly muttered.

"No," said Mullins. "the cow kicked you."

"Cow kicked me?" the hired man re- peated. "I wonder how it happened?"

"I wonder?" said Mullins.

But Mullins thought he knew, though he hesitated about saying so for fear of hurting the victim's feel- ings—and he was hurt enough already.

The trouble was that the hired man was so awfully cross-eyed that he had grabbed the wrong leg!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.



Old Gentleman (to boy playing foot- ball on Sunday)—Ah, my lad, what would your father say if he saw you playing football on the Sabbath?

The Boy—Ye'd better ask himself. That's him keepin' goal.

A lazy man is always trying to work other people.

## A CATAMARAN HOUSE-BOAT.

**It Will Afford Much Pleasure to the Average Youth.**

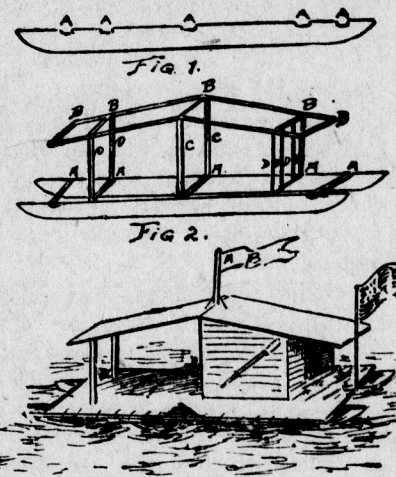
Boys love the water, and if such a thing is possible, they will spend many of their happiest hours upon its shores or riding upon its surface.

What boy has not built himself a raft?

Here is something that should afford much pleasure to the average youth, whether or not he is able to possess a boat. It is called the catamaran house-boat, and is intended to serve a man- ifold purpose, it being adaptable alike as a craft almost as rapid as a row-boat, a raft, a floating camp, summer fishing house and many other things that will at once present themselves to a bright-minded boy.

Among its many advantages are the facts that it is perfectly safe from over- turning, that it will not crush in when struck ever so violently by anything found upon the water, that it may be propelled much more easily than a raft; indeed, with almost as little effort as a boat, and that it is an ideal attraction for boys, whether used stationary, pro- pelled about lakes, ponds and rivers, used as an aquatic playhouse, a sum- mer camp, a rainy day fishing house or any other pleasant use to which it may be put. Another of its advantages is that its cost need not be great, although it may be made very expensive. Hav- ing possessed the proud privilege once of being a boy himself, the writer is aware that the average boy is never overstocked with money, hence the question of cost is a momentous one.

To build one of these houseboats it is first necessary to secure two logs. Logs being round should be used in preference to square beams, although the latter will answer. They should be fifteen or more feet in length and quite sound, otherwise they will watersoak. First round and point each end, as in



A CATAMARAN HOUSE-BOAT.

Fig. 1, then with a saw, hammer and chisel, which are about all the tools needed, cut out resting places for the cross pieces, as indicated at A in Fig. 1.

When this is done, make your cross pieces, which will be five in number, four feet in length. The cross pieces and frame pieces should be two by two or two by four-inch lumber. If pos- sible, make the cross pieces of two by four and the framework of two by two. As the roof and floor of your craft is to be more than four feet in width, much care should be exercised in put- ting up the framework. The general idea of this may be secured from Fig. 2. The pieces marked with the letter A are the cross pieces already referred to, and should be four feet in length. The pieces marked "D" should be six feet in length. Those marked "C" should be eight feet, while those pieces marked "B" should be six feet. The length of the side roof pieces cannot be designated, as they depend upon the length of the logs, but if the logs were fifteen feet long the side pieces of the roof should be about seven feet. As timbers "B" are two feet longer than timbers "A," it will be seen that timbers "C" and "D" will not join timbers "B" at the ends, but will be a foot from them upon each side. Board over the logs, as in Fig. 3. Let the flooring boards protrude a foot on each side over the logs, and your floor will then be, like your roof, six feet wide. After you have put in the floor, which greatly strengthens your craft, you should, if you have not already done so, float your catamaran, as it will soon be far too heavy to move.

For the roof you may use boards run- ning lengthwise. If you cannot secure such long boards, fasten them on cross- wise, and cover the whole with tarred or builders' paper, secured with laths. Of course, it may be shingled, or good canvas may be used for a covering.

Cover in one-half of your frame- work, as in Fig. 3. The middle end of your little cabin may be left open, with heavy draperies or curtains, or it may be boarded up and a door put in, as in the rear end in Fig. 3. The builder may put in windows in the sides if he desires. Make a rudder for the stern. Nearly in the center of this now nearly completed catamaran houseboat place blocks for your oarlocks. Have them about two feet above the floor. Being so wide apart, two may row to ad- vantage. Make a rack upon each side of your little house for your oars and se- cure a long pole, which you may keep upon the roof or upon the floor, as one often prefers to "pole" his craft. A short staff for a pennant or flag may be added. Upon the pennant initials or a name may be inscribed, as the catamaran in the pictures carries the in- itials "A. B." A little trapdoor in the center of the floor will be found con- venient for hand line fishing, to shield one from the sun in the day, or to keep off the dampness at night if punt fish- ing.

The boy who owns one of these crafts may add to its furnishings as he is able from time to time. A little stove, some folding bunks, a folding table, cup- boards and shelves will no doubt be thought of. The open covered space

will also be thought large enough for a hammock, and small seats may be built wherever convenient.

If good-sized logs are used the craft should support four boys conveniently, and with the resources generally avail- able to the average boy, nearly all the lumber may be procured without cost. If you cannot at first afford oars, a pole may be used, and good substitutes for oars may be made from boards. The labor of building is really very small, compared with the good results, and it will be found cheaper and better for pure enjoyment than any of the boats of which plans have so often been pub- lished.—Montreal Star.

## WOMAN'S BEST AGE.

**Opinion Seems to Be that It Is Be- tween 30 and 40.**

There's no mistake about it. To be young, to be in the first flush of youth, is no longer fashionable.

The fashionable age now for a wo- man is between 30 and 40. Have not their majesties, the King and Queen of England, given notice that the young person is not to monopolize so- cial attention?

The doctrine of middle age is pre-ached in London, and from the in-nermost centers of Mayfair exclu- siveness to the outer circles of bohemian-ism the women who are the most popu- lar are those who have lived.

It is hard to get at the reason for this inversion of fancy. Somebody says it is because the girls of the present day are older and more world- born than the women who have passed the first stage of real youth. What ever the real reason, the chief interest seems to center about women who have left the white muslin stage and crept out to the once dreaded verge of maturity.

The women of whom most is heard have certainly no longer any right to be considered young. They are frankly middle-aged, and they seem to glory in it.

So people seem to have discovered that the period succeeding youth is more desirable than adolescence. The strange thing is that it has not been discovered before, with all the exam- ples that exist in history. The women of France and England who were noted for their power and attractions reached the zenith of their glory after youth had flown.

Those who have lived and seen the world must always have a greater power for swaying humanity than those who are equipped only with the charm of youth. No one is disposed to underestimate this charm, for it comes to all once; and partakes not only of the sweetness of the flower, but also of the evanescence.

Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at 40," and an- other that "no old person has a right to be ugly, because she has had all her life in which to grow beautiful." The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings of the eyes, restful lines of self-control about the lips, serenity of the face—these things no flitful year or two of goodness gives. Only habitual graciousness within will give them all.

It is interesting to remember in con- nection with this that many of the women who have been famous for their beauty and fascination for men achieved their greatest triumphs be- tween the ages of 30 and 40.

Josephine was 33 when she married Napoleon, and, judging from the let- ters written by the absent husband during the early years of their union, she inspired him with intense love and jealousy. It has been said that she was the only woman Napoleon ever really loved.

Mme. Recamier was most beautiful between the ages of 35 and 55, and Mme. Mars at 45 was at the zenith of her triumphs. Diane de Poitiers was 36 when she won the heart of Henry II. The King was half her age, but his devotion never changed.

Bianca Capello was 33 when the Grand Duke Francis of Florence fell captive to her charms and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Mme. de Maintenon was 43 when united to Louis, and Cath- erine II. of Russia was 33 when she seized the Empire of Russia and cap- tivated the dashing young General Orloff. Up to the time of her death, at 67, she seems to have retained her powers of bewitchery.

Cleopatra was nearly 40 when Mark Anthony fell beneath her spell, and the most famous beauty the world has ever known, Helen of Troy, was long past 30 when she perpetrated the most notable elopement on record and set the Trojan warriors to fighting for her sake.

### Ethics of a Kiss.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope, and to an old maid, charity.—Baltimore American.

### Her Ambition.

"I will go to the ends of the earth with you," said the romantic young man.

"Oh, I am no explorer," retorted the beautiful young girl. "I'd rather you'd go as far as a little suburban cottage with me."

### Official Responsibility in China.

Chinese officials are held to be guilty before the Son of Heaven for floods, droughts, famines, fires and other nat- ural calamities.

We heard a long time ago that the devil invented the fiddle, but we heard to-day that he also invented the pump.

There are so many don'ts in life.



## OLD FAVORITES

Seven Times One.  
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven;  
I've said my "seven times" over and over—  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The lambs play always—they know no better;  
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,  
And shining so round and low.  
You are bright! Ah, bright! but your light is falling;  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow—  
You've powdered your legs with gold.  
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!  
O Cuckoo-pint! tell me the purple clapper,  
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—  
I will not steal them away;  
I am old! you may trust me, Linnet,  
I am seven times one to-day.  
—Jean Ingelow.

Nearer Home.  
One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream,  
That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abyss;  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chris.

O, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith!  
—Theobald Cary.

### TWO SECRETS.

Heartbreaking Little Story of Two Devoted Old People.

"How's business, Eben?"  
The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy, fine!"  
"Does the store look just the same, with the red geranium in the window? Land, how I'd like to see it with the sun shining in! How does it look, Eben?"

Eben did not answer for a moment; when he did his voice shook a bit.

"The store's never been the same since you left, Marthy."

A faint little flush came into Marthy's withered cheek. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's flattery?

For years Eben and Marthy had kept a tiny notion store; then Marthy fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong—never be partner in their happy little trade again.

"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Marthy one forenoon. "If I take it real careful I can get down there; 'tisn't so far. Eben'll scold, but he'll be tickled most so death."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Ahead, on the pavement, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins, and shoeleaces. Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares.

Marthy clutched at the wall of the building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian name fluttered on the awning. Then Marthy understood. The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find out," she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept a secret from me, and I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shan't know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Marthy asked, cheerfully, the old question:

"How's business?"

"Better'n ever, Marthy!" answered Eben.—Youth's Companion.

A loafer is never able to realize that a busy man has anything to do.

# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### The Snobs of Washington.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S effective rebuke to a part of Washington's official society for snubbing one of her guests, who had been a saleswoman before becoming the wife of an influential government official, is disquieting chiefly because it proves that there are almost as many snobs in the national capital as there are in New York, Chicago or Boston. It is generally conceded that the relation of the snobs to the population varies directly with the youth and size of the city. Of Washington we have long thought better things. Washington is an old city and a democratic one. It is at Washington that there assemble the men who have made themselves, whose mental superiority over their fellow-men has been recognized by their fellow-citizens in being sent to the nation's capital to represent them and to shape the nation's destinies. Most of those men have started the destiny-shaping by selling papers or splitting fence-rails. We have rather plumed ourselves with the idea that the prime qualifications of Washington society were mental capacity and a clean record. We have never permitted ourselves to think that a man who has sufficiently won the confidence of his community or district to be chosen a government servant would go to Washington to suffer humiliation because his wife had once been forced to earn an honorable living with her own hands. To an American it is not a pretty conceit. It might be embarrassing to those same ladies who have seen fit to appoint themselves arbiters of elegance if a general investigation of social qualifications were made. The husbands of a great many of those ladies have not always been so prominent. In fact, many of those marriages were contracted when the husbands had no such lofty ambitions, and the idea of securing a helpmate to decorate a Washington home was not seriously considered. That is quite right. It is the natural safeguard against fallacious aristocracy. But it is an essential consideration for those wives of Congressmen and Senators who feel themselves qualified to suggest etiquette and social distinctions to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.—Detroit Journal.

### How to Become Rich.

AN analysis of the large fortunes which on account of death have changed hands during the year shows that no fewer than 206 of these estates were valued at over \$100,000 each. Among them there figure the \$2,900,000 of Earl Fitzwilliam; the \$2,800,000 of Mr. Vagliano, whose great lawsuit with the Bank of England remains one of the most famous of financial cases; and the \$2,000,000 of Mr. Sutton, of the well-known firm of carriers.

A further analysis of these two hundred odd fortunes discloses this instructive fact—that the great majority of them have been created during the life of their owners, and created not by speculation nor by any sudden chance of fortune, but by deliberate and unremitting hard work. It is clear that "Doggone does it" in the small and exclusive world of money just as in the ordinary world at large.

But still more instructive is this further fact which is revealed by our analysis—that these men, who have worked so hard and succeeded so signally, have also lived a long life. Of the great fortunes of the year—amounting to some \$58,000,000 in all—the average age of their owners at death is proved to have been seventy-three years, and no fewer than 25 per cent of them had passed the age of four-score.

The moral is obvious. By dint of sheer industry, shrewdly applied, it is not only possible for a man to amass great wealth; but the activity and self-control which such an aim demands of the ablest of us react so favorably on the health or both body and mind that they also assure the happy gift of a long life.—London Daily Mail.

### Do Not Talk Too Much.

B LUNTNESS of speech, directness of action, strict insistence on one's rights and disdain of diplomatic, roundabout methods of dealing with men and affairs are meritorious in a way, but the shortest road is not always the easiest and a little diplomacy will save much trouble in many cases. One can be diplomatic, too, without trying or doing anything that need worry the strictest conscience.

The first and hardest rule of diplomacy in large affairs and small, in public and private life, is Do not talk too much. Some instinct in the majority of people impels them to tell all they know, and, sometimes, a little more. Pit a talker against a man that can keep his own counsel in any affair of business or intrigue, and it is strange if the talker does not get the worst of the matter. He puts his oppo-

### HIS TEST OF THE ARTIST.

Would-Be Purchaser Made Suggestions Concerning a Painting.

There is perhaps a lesson of some sort for young artists in the story told by Frederick Kost, the landscape and marine painter, of the days when he was just starting. It was at a time when things were not prospering as he could have wished—when, in fact, the artist was pretty hard up—that a man wearing a great fur-lined overcoat knocked at the door of his studio. The stranger was evidently a Westerner, and a man of wealth.

"Mr. Kost," he said, "I have seen pictures of yours at different exhibitions, and I think I would like to own one."

Then he nodded approvingly at a landscape on the easel, and said: "That is exceedingly nice. But," he added after a pause, "might I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Kost. "Go ahead."

"Well," said the would-be purchaser, "I think the sky might be changed with advantage," and he started in to explain the alteration which he thought would improve the painting.

Mr. Kost did not agree with him, but as he wished to sell the picture he said he would consider the matter. And the stranger went away, promising to call in a few days.

Mr. Kost went to work to change the sky, against his own judgment, to suit the stranger. He ended by changing the entire picture to suit the sky. In fact, from a landscape, it grew into a marine. The stranger never turned up, and the artist cursed his folly in having acted contrary to common sense to please an ignorant person, and so spoiled one of his best efforts, the result of several months of work.

About a year later a knock took Mr. Kost at his door again, and there stood the stranger in the fur-lined overcoat.

ment in possession of all he knows and gets nothing in exchange. The talker proceeds in the dark while the silent man finds his way made clear. The talker is forever making trouble for himself and others. He cannot keep a secret and he seldom can tell the exact truth.

But the habit of keeping one's counsel is sometimes carried to ridiculous extremes. There are men so reticent that they will not tell anything at all and will give an evasive reply if one asks them the time of day. Men of this class think themselves sly, whereas in reality they are mere fools. There is a time to speak as well as a time to hold one's peace.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### Courtesy in Business.

COURTESY in business has been called the "oil on the wheels of worldly progress" and "an air cushion with apparently nothing in it, that yet eases the heavy jolts of trade." But it is more than these. It is a positive virtue—the most democratic of all virtues—in that it recognizes all individualities and pays all just claims. By its consummate consideration it infringes upon no one's rights and lessens no one's advantage.

It is often a form of self-suppression in action as well as an expression of universal and individual sympathy. It loosens the burdens of life, soothes anger, and often counteracts and does away with misunderstandings. Courtesy is the outward expression of the most essential sentiments of the inner, truer man. When these outward expressions cease the inner sentiments themselves are weakened and lose their delicacy and energy, and so we may say that the foundations of courtesy are based upon the universal needs of humanity itself.—New York Daily News.

### The Span of Life.

IT seems that we were all wrong about the hurtful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something worth while, something active and effective, going on all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau, that the fast life is also the long one. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing easy-going foreign countries in this respect; we are surpassing even the loose-jointed, indolent, beautifully relaxed, never-worrying African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.3. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement that by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "another think coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."—Harper's Weekly.

### High Prices.

IT is significant that in some quarters there are beginning to be arguments made to show that high prices, being a sign of public prosperity, are good for the people. If this remark were so amended as to read that high prices are good for some of the people, it would be correct. They are undoubtedly good for a considerable portion of the people. Included in those are the people in active business who find themselves selling goods on a rising market, a rising market generally implying abundant sales and orders for goods to be made. Rich people who own property also find it increased in value. There are others, however, who are less fortunate. They are the men and women of fixed incomes, who are compelled to pay increased prices for what they purchase without addition to their money resources for purchasing. There is a much larger class in those whose fixed income comes from their labor. These are worse off, as they find the cost of what they eat and consume in the other necessities of life—as beef and coal and milk and butter, for instance—increased without a corresponding addition to their wages. There can be no equable increase in prices unless the prices paid for labor are a part of it.—Boston Herald.

lous and infectious maladies in every city of prominence under the sun.

Formerly a raging epidemic in a foreign country had little effect here, beyond bringing out expressions of sympathy, and in extreme cases, perhaps, some material aid. Now, when a missionary in Canton discovers a case of cholera, he reports it to Hongkong. The American consul there, under systematic instructions, cables the fact to Washington, and also passes the word along to his associates on the Asiatic coast. Washington promptly notifies by wire every quarantine officer on the Pacific coast of the United States, and informs Honolulu by the next steamer. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, even when the weapons are disinfectants and germicides.

One case of yellow fever anywhere in Cuba is now regarded as of sufficient importance to be reported by cable. The mere rumor of an outbreak of the plague in an inaccessible corner of the Orient usually results in an order to the nearest consul to make an investigation. In severe epidemics our medical experts are often sent to the scene to study the bacteriological developments of the disease. Such an expert returning from Vera Cruz a few months ago, where he had been studying yellow fever, was stopped on the boundary line, curiously enough, by an inspecting officer of the same service.

Most of the dread diseases against which the quarantine is directed are importations. To keep them out on long coast lines, with the tide of immigration constantly pouring in, is a large one. Although no devices insure perfect protection, the number of cases which now get through the quarantine mesh is proportionately very small.—Youth's Companion.

After a man is 50, you can fool him by saying he is smart; but you can't fool him by saying he is pretty.

## PROGRESS OF A CENTURY IN THIS COUNTRY.

A correspondent of the New York Sun presents a graphic picture in figures of the country's progress during the century, which reads almost like a fairy tale.

Foreign commerce, exports and imports:  
1800 ..... \$ 100,000,000  
1902 ..... 22,000,000,000  
Internal commerce of the United States:  
1850 ..... \$ 2,000,000,000  
1902 ..... 23,000,000,000

Exports of the United States:  
1800 ..... \$ 70,000,000  
1902 ..... 1,340,000,000

Imports of the United States:  
1800 ..... \$ 91,000,000  
1902 ..... \$950,000,000  
a tenfold increase in imports, while our population has increased sixteenfold.

Wealth of the United States:  
1850 ..... \$ 7,135,000,000  
1902 ..... \$100,000,000,000

Steam railways, miles, of the United States:  
1830 ..... 23  
1902 ..... 200,000

Newspapers and periodicals of the United States:  
1810 ..... 359  
1902 ..... 22,000

Factories of the United States:  
1850 ..... 123,025  
1902 ..... 525,000

Immigration to the United States:  
1820 ..... 8,385  
1902 ..... 500,000

Factory wage earners of the United States:  
1850 ..... 957,059  
1902 ..... 6,750,000

Factory wages paid in the United States:  
1850 ..... \$ 236,000,000  
1902 ..... 2,750,000,000

Factory product in the United States:  
1850 ..... \$ 1,019,000,000  
1902 ..... 14,000,000,000

Individual deposits in national banks:  
1870 ..... \$ 507,000,000  
1902 ..... 3,000,000,000

Value of farms and farm property:  
1850 ..... \$ 3,967,000,000  
1902 ..... 21,000,000,000

Pensions paid by the United States:  
1800 ..... \$ 64,131  
1902 ..... 138,000,000

Public school teachers' salaries:  
1870 ..... \$ 38,000,000  
1902 ..... 137,000,000

Commercial failures in the United States:  
1850 ..... 3,676  
1902 ..... 11,000

These show only threefold increase, while population shows a sixteenfold increase, and the total business increase, direct and indirect, is beyond computation. This shows American commercial honesty as well as American commercial prosperity.

### MOTHER OF RICH BABY DIES

Physicians Could Not Save the Life of Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr.

Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., died the other morning at Butte, Mont. When her boy baby was born, United States Senator Clark set aside \$1,000,000 for his grandson. Mrs. Clark underwent a surgical operation a few days afterward and died.

Mabel Foster Clark was born twenty-three years ago, near Pittsburgh, Pa., the daughter of John R. Foster, who settled in Butte nearly seventeen years ago. On June 19, 1901, she was married to William A. Clark, Jr., the youngest son of Senator W. A. Clark. Mrs. Clark as Miss Foster was known as the "belle of Butte." Her beauty, in fact, was known throughout the State. She spent her girl-



MRS. W. A. CLARK, JR.

hood days in the Western town and then went away to a school on the Hudson. The fame of the beauty of Miss Foster reached young Clark, who was an attorney. He was not of the struggling variety, as he had some \$3,000,000 in his own name. At last he met Miss Foster. He fell in love at once and according to the story, declared he would marry her. He told his father. The Senator said if it was love it was all right.

He wanted to be sure of the bride. She cared nothing for the millions, so the story goes, but returned the love of young Clark. An engagement followed and within six months they were married. They went to Europe for an extended tour. A magnificent home was built for her in New York, but most of her married life had been spent at Butte.

### Very Peculiar, Indeed.

The class in geography in one of the Brooklyn schools was undergoing examination when the teacher asked: "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils indulged in some hard thinking, says the New York Times, but none responded. Suddenly a fat boy with a red face, who had been shifting uneasily about in his seat, raised his hand. "I know," said he. "Well, what are they?" asked the teacher. "Why," said the fat boy, with a triumphant look, "on the south side you see the sea, and on the north side you hear the sound."

## FLASHES OF FUN

"Were you ever up before me?" asked a magistrate. "Shure, I don't know, yer anner. What time does yer anner get up?"

Pat—An' so yez shtruck fer shorter hours? Mike—Yis. We want each wan to consist av for-ty minutes, be-gorry!—Puck.

"Didn't you hear the doorbell, Bridget?" "Yes, mum." "Well, why didn't you answer it?" "I did answer it; I said 'Oh, fudge!' mum."

Mistress—Can you draw this fowl, Bridget? Bridget (who has been brought up on prates and buttermilk)—No, mum! Oi can't write, let alone draw!

Stella—I came near missing a proposal last night. Bella—You did? Stella—Yes. He got down on his knees, and I thought he was merely looking for a ping-pong ball.—Harper's Bazar.

Magistrate—Rastus, I see you are here again. I believe you have been tried and convicted seven times for stealing. Rastus—Yes, Jedge, it seems to be nuttin' but trials and temptations wid me in dis life.

"Mamma," cried little Willie from the bathroom, "please get me another sponge." "Why, what's the matter with the one you have?" asked the mother. "It's full of holes, and leaks awfully," was the reply.

Borem—"I'm something of a mind-reader." Miss Hittm—"Indeed?" Borem—"Yes; I can usually tell at a glance what a person thinks of me." Miss Hittm—"Wonderful! But don't you find it awfully embarrassing?"

Bookkeeper—I would like a little more salary, sir. You see, I'm married now, and— Employer—And need the increase for your family? Bookkeeper—No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now!

Schoolmaster—"What is the meaning of one-twenty-fifth?" Boy—"I don't remember." Schoolmaster—"If you had twenty-five friends visiting you, and only one apple for them, what would you do?" Boy—"I'd wait till they'd gone and then eat it myself."

Tommy has been making a study of etiquette. When his little sister was opening the door to leave the nursery he pulled her back by the hair and elbowed her out of the way. "Don't you know, you ignorant little thing," he said, indignantly, "that it's a gentleman's place to open the door for a lady?"

Miss Mug—I don't understand how your sister failed to find me at the station. You said you would describe me to her. Infatuated Lover (who sees a good deal more in Miss Mug than other folks can)—Yes, I told her to look for a beautiful girl, with the face of a Madonna and the form of a slyph. It's queer she missed you.

"Ah!" he said as they were exploring among the rocks back of the hotel, "here is 'Lover's Lane.' Let's go through." "That deep place there, where it is so dark, with the steep, rocky slides?" "Yes. Come on." "I'm afraid you would kiss me if we were down there alone together." "No, honest." "Well then we may as well remain up here."

Mrs. Winks—A peddler was here to-day, and I got the greatest bargain—a whole pound of insect powder for only ten cents. It looks just like dirt, but it's awfully effective. I tried it. Mr. Winks—Worked, eh? Mrs. Winks—Yes, indeed. The peddler said I should put a little in water and apply it boiling hot, and I did, and it killed every insect it touched.—New York Weekly.

Johnny (who is jealous of mamma)—"Mamma likes me better than she does you!" Evelyn (who enjoys teasing)—"Why, no, Johnny, of course she loves Betty and me best! Just think, she was our mother long before she was yours!" Johnny (scornfully)—"Huh, what of that? You are nothing but a sample copy, anyhow! And Betty's only a trial subscription! But I'm the real thing!"—Life.

"Have you seen Mrs. Connyshaw's wonderful collection of old china?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Fussillove, "I have; and I can't say that it gives me a good opinion of the Connyshaws' social position." "Dear me!" said the other lady. "How is that?" "Well, you see," explained Mrs. Fussillove, "they can't ever have kept many servants, or they would never have had all that china unbroken!"

"You, boy," exclaimed the colored woman, "what is you gwineer to do wif dat watermillin? The urchin looked surprised for a moment, then grieved and then scornful. Placing his burden of sweetness on the curbstone, he replied: 'T's gwineer git a can o' vahnish an' vahnish it; den I's gwineer git a yald o' red ribbon an' tie aroun' it an' hang it to de chandelier in de parlour for an ornament so's we kin look at it an' enjoy ourself's while we's eatin' our hahd-tack.'"

Poetical and pedantic young lady walking in the wood with elderly and learned professor. "Oh, Mr. Bookworm, look at that magnificent oak! Let us stop one minute. I must tell him how the sight of such beautiful trees raises keen emotions in my soul; because, you know, I'm sure they can hear us and enjoy a compliment as well as you do. You superb oak, what would you say if you could talk?" "I believe I can be his interpreter, dear Miss Hopkins. He would most likely say, 'Beg your pardon, alas; I'm a beech!'"



# THE ENTERPRISE.

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

Germany seems determined upon making trouble over the Venezuelan matter.

The U. S. Senate has ratified the Alaskan treaty. The treaty provides for three United States and three Canadian Commissioners, an arrangement which will in all probability result in an agreement to disagree.

It looks as if Congress would enact anti-trust legislation on the lines favored by President Roosevelt. The report that Rockefeller has attempted to prevent such legislation by telegrams direct to a number of U. S. Senators seems incredible, and yet it seems very little less so that any one should undertake to fake dispatches of that nature. In any event the anti-trust bill will in all probability pass.

The taxpayers of the First Township are expending annually about \$25,000 for the maintenance of roads in the First Road District. A considerable portion of this large sum is expended on the Mission road, which is one of the principal highways of the Township and County. This road is the avenue over which all the funerals reach the cemeteries from the City of San Francisco. Every day in the year there is a long procession of hacks passing over the Mission road to and from the City. These funeral trains crowd the road to the inconvenience of local travel. Moreover, they cut the road up and wear it into ruts and holes, requiring large sums to repair. These hacks do not pay one cent into the County treasury. An ordinance was once passed requiring these hacks to pay a license tax, but the validity of the ordinance was contested and the ordinance was declared unconstitutional. It does seem singular that our Board of Supervisors are not able, with the aid of the District Attorney, to draw and pass an ordinance that will hold in this case. How would it do for these gentlemen to make the effort?

## HON. F. M. DORRINGTON DEAD.

"Alliance, Neb., Jan. 29.—(Special Telegram.)—Hon. F. M. Dornington, register of the United States land office, died about 11 o'clock last night at his residence in this city.

The captain was an able and efficient officer of the government and had many friends throughout the state.

Interment will take place in Falls City on Tuesday of next week.

The above press dispatch received last week informed the writer of the passing of a very old and very dear friend. Fred Dornington was one of nature's noblemen. He made no pretensions to saintship and his sins were of a sort easily forgiven. He was virile, versatile, genial and generous. He was indeed and in truth and all together very human. He was absolutely without malice and abounding in charity.

He was unknown to you dear readers, but you will pardon this feeble tribute to his memory, for he was the writer's friend for more than forty years.

## SAN FRANCISCO'S INDIGENT DEAD.

The Leader in this week prepared to state that the manner followed by the undertaker who has the contract for burying San Francisco's indigent dead in this county certainly demands regulation, if not restriction. The contractor is Joseph Hagen of San Francisco, and we are informed he receives the sum of \$1.40 from the City and County of San Francisco for the burial of each body. His subjects are those unfortunates who die in the City and County Hospital principally, and are interred in a small tract of land situated in the foothills east of Cypress Lawn cemetery. We are informed that the contractor buries only a small proportion of the bodies which are delivered to him by the management of the various hospitals. The majority are disposed of to the medical colleges, and it is said from \$12 to \$15 is the price paid for each body for this purpose. On a visit to the locality, a few days ago, we were informed by a superintendent of one of the cemeteries that it is a frequent occurrence to see Undertaker Hagen's wagon arrive at the burial ground with one or more bodies, but that invariably to but one man is entrusted the work of depositing the corpse in the grave. How utterly heartless and inhuman this work is performed can be imagined. It is said a short time ago a

family learned of the death in the hospital of one of its members only after the body had been buried by the contractor. They demanded that the remains be exhumed. This was done, and it was discovered that the contractor had lived up to the letter of his contract and given the body a \$1.40 burial. It showed an entire absence of the ordinary preparations for interment, it having been simply taken from the death-bed, placed in a plain box, carted out to the cemetery, and dumped in by the solitary individual who officiates as funeral director, grave-digger, etc. It is said each year the contractor for the burial of indigents is eagerly sought in San Francisco, not for the purpose of interring them, but rather to sell the bodies to the medical colleges. San Mateo county may not be able to regulate the price paid for interments, nor to interfere with the practice of keeping the medical colleges supplied with subjects, but it certainly can govern the manner in which burials are performed in her own territory. It seems that a county regulation, requiring at least human methods to be employed by San Francisco contracting undertakers in laying away the unfortunates who breathe their last in the City and County Hospital of that municipality, should be adopted. —Leader, San Mateo.

## TO CALIFORNIA.

O, sunlit land! Is it thy hidden wealth  
Within the golden heart of rolling hills;  
Or glint of gold across thy yellow poppy fields,  
Or lingering rays of golden sun or serried peaks,  
Ere yet it sinks into thy western seas,  
That hither woos the wanderer's restless feet?  
—Josephine Mildred Blanch, in Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California, for February.

## FOOTHILL ORANGES.

But Placer's fame is no longer dependent upon her output of yellow metal. There is, however—and this is as it should be—still the tint of gold in the product which promises to carry Placer county's name broadcast. Oranges ripen there from a month to six weeks earlier than in the southern part of California, and they stand well among the finest varieties grown. They are particularly bright—golden—and are free from the scale which sometimes affects the fruit, especially where the trees are exposed to ocean fog. An orange grove in Placer county will, if well cared for, net the owner \$250 to the acre. —Carroll Sayres, in Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California, for February.

## WILD ANIMAL FIGHTS.

Enormous Physical Force Expended in These Fierce Combats.

In the pitched battles which sometimes take place between the great carnivora and the largest and most powerful of the ox tribe the forces of animal courage, desperation and bodily strength must be exhibited on a scale never elsewhere seen, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Such combats do occur, but have seldom been witnessed and still less frequently described. Two or three lions sometimes combine in such an attack, but from the marks seen on buffalo it is probable that sometimes there is a single combat, for it can hardly be supposed that the buffalo could escape from more than one lion.

The number of foot pounds of energy put into such a struggle must be something extraordinary. The efforts of a lion, which can strike a man's arm from the shoulder and leave it hanging by a strip of skin or which can carry a cow over a high stockade, endeavoring unsuccessfully in close grips to drag down or disable a buffalo bull, must be on a gigantic scale, and the strength which can shake him off and, it is believed, occasionally crush the lion afterward must be even more amazing. A buffalo bull has been credited with engaging three lions in mortal combat and making a good fight before he was disabled by one of the lions hamstringing him by biting his legs from behind.

## Errors of Diet.

An insurance man of my acquaintance ate hearty breakfasts, with meat and coffee, a hurried lunch at noon, but also with meat, and a heavy dinner at night. He took no exercise, always rode between house and office, became fat and bloated, and his blood became so overloaded that he readily succumbed to disease at forty-five. The wonder was that he lived so long. He was a type of the average well-to-do citizen. Like him, most of us eat too much, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Diet should depend upon temperament and vocation. At hard work out of doors one requires more nutriment than at sedentary labor indoors. A gradual reduction in diet, even an occasional fast, will cure many ordinary ills. Add deep breathing, fresh air, body building exercises, plenty of sunshine, water inside and out, and it is astonishing how much better one feels.

## Our Paper Money.

The man who is ever ready to bet on anything said suddenly to a group of members of the club, "I'll bet a case of catnip to a bottle of curry powder that there isn't a man in the party that can name the denominations of United States paper money." All lost, and all were abashed when he mentioned \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000. Most men are unaccustomed to handling notes above \$100, and few ever saw one of \$10,000. —New York Press.

## Potted Plants.

The reason some people "never have any luck with plants" is sometimes because the drainage is defective. A plant will not live in a heavy, soggy soil, such as fills a pot when the drainage is not complete. This is especially true of palms, to which the stagnant moisture is sure death, but it holds true of any pot grown plant.

## A CATAMARAN HOUSE-BOAT.

It Will Afford Much Pleasure to the Average Youth.

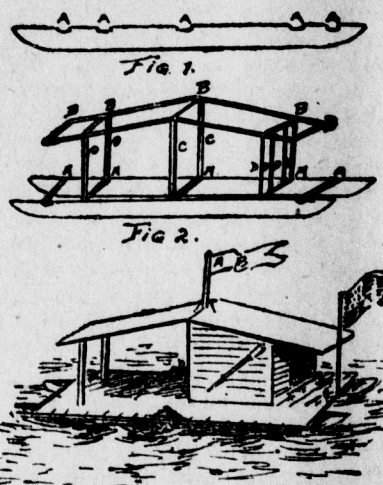
Boys love the water, and if such a thing is possible, they will spend many of their happiest hours upon its shores or riding upon its surface.

What boy has not built himself a raft?

Here is something that should afford much pleasure to the average youth, whether or not he is able to possess a boat. It is called the catamaran houseboat, and is intended to serve a manifold purpose, it being adaptable alike as a craft almost as rapid as a rowboat, a raft, a floating camp, summer fishing house and many other things that will at once present themselves to a bright-minded boy.

Among its many advantages are the facts that it is perfectly safe from overturning, that it will not crush in when struck ever so violently by anything found upon the water, that it may be propelled much more easily than a raft; indeed, with almost as little effort as a boat, and that it is an ideal attraction for boys, whether used stationary, propelled about lakes, ponds and rivers, used as an aquatic playhouse, a summer camp, a rainy day fishing house or any other pleasant use to which it may be put. Another of its advantages is that its cost need not be great, although it may be made very expensive. Having possessed the proud privilege once of being a boy himself, the writer is aware that the average boy is never overstocked with money, hence the question of cost is a momentous one.

To build one of these houseboats it is first necessary to secure two logs. Logs being round should be used in preference to square beams, although the latter will answer. They should be fifteen or more feet in length and quite sound, otherwise they will watersoak. First round and point each end, as in



A CATAMARAN HOUSE-BOAT.

Fig. 1, then with a saw, hammer and chisel, which are about all the tools needed, cut out resting places for the cross pieces, as indicated at A in Fig. 1.

When this is done, make your cross pieces, which will be five in number, four feet in length. The cross pieces and frame pieces should be two by two or two by four-inch lumber. If possible, make the cross pieces of two by four and the framework of two by two. As the roof and floor of your craft is to be more than four feet in width, much care should be exercised in putting up the framework. The general idea of this may be secured from Fig. 2. The pieces marked with the letter A are the cross pieces already referred to, and should be four feet in length. The pieces marked "D" should be six feet in length. Those marked "C" should be eight feet, while those pieces marked "B" should be six feet. The length of the side roof pieces cannot be designated, as they depend upon the length of the logs, but if the logs were fifteen feet long the side pieces of the roof should be about seven feet. As timbers "B" are two feet longer than timbers "A," it will be seen that timbers "C" and "D" will not join timbers "B" at the ends, but will be a foot from them upon each side. Board over the logs, as in Fig. 3. Let the flooring boards protrude a foot on each side over the logs, and your floor will then be, like your roof, six feet wide. After you have put in the floor, which greatly strengthens your craft, you should, if you have not already done so, float your catamaran, as it will soon be far too heavy to move.

For the roof you may use boards running lengthwise. If you cannot secure such long boards, fasten them on crosswise, and cover the whole with tarred or builders' paper, secured with laths. Of course, it may be shingled, or good canvas may be used for a covering.

Cover in one-half of your framework, as in Fig. 3. The middle end of your little cabin may be left open, with heavy draperies or curtains, or it may be boarded up and a door put in, as in the rear end in Fig. 3. The builder may put in windows in the sides if he desires. Make a rudder for the stern. Nearly in the center of this now nearly completed catamaran houseboat place blocks for your oarlocks. Have them about two feet above the floor. Being so wide apart, two may row to advantage. Make a rack upon each side of your little house for your oars and secure a long pole, which you may keep upon the roof or upon the floor, as one often prefers to "pole" his craft. A short staff for a pennant or flag may be added. Upon the pennant initials or a name may be inscribed, as the catamaran in the pictures carries the initials "A. B." A little trapdoor in the center of the floor will be found convenient for hand line fishing, to shield one from the sun in the day, or to keep off the dampness at night if pout fishing.

The boy who owns one of these crafts may add to its furnishings as he is able from time to time. A little stove, some folding bunks, a folding table, cupboards and shelves will no doubt be thought of. The open covered space

will also be thought large enough for a hammock, and small seats may be built wherever convenient.

If good-sized logs are used the craft should support four boys conveniently, and with the resources generally available to the average boy, nearly all the lumber may be procured without cost. If you cannot at first afford oars, a pole may be used, and good substitutes for oars may be made from boards. The labor of building is really very small, compared with the good results, and it will be found cheaper and better for pure enjoyment than any of the boats of which plans have so often been published. —Montreal Star.

## WOMAN'S BEST AGE.

Opinion Seems to Be that It Is Between 30 and 40.

There's no mistake about it. To be young, to be in the first flush of youth, is no longer fashionable.

The fashionable age now for a woman is between 30 and 40. Have not their majesties, the King and Queen of England, given notice that the young person is not to monopolize social attention?

The doctrine of middle age is being preached in London, and from the innermost centers of Mayfair exclusiveness to the outer circles of bohemianism the women who are the most popular are those who have lived.

It is hard to get at the reason for this inversion of fancy. Somebody says it is because the girls of the present day are older and more world-born than the women who have passed the first stage of real youth. Whatever the real reason, the chief interest seems to center about women who have left the white muslin stage and crept out to the once dreaded verge of maturity.

The women of whom most is heard have certainly no longer any right to be considered young. They are frankly middle-aged, and they seem to glory in it.

So people seem to have discovered that the period succeeding youth is more desirable than adolescence. The strange thing is that it has not been discovered before, with all the examples that exist in history. The women of France and England who were noted for their power and attractions reached the zenith of their glory after youth had flown.

Those who have lived and seen the world must always have a greater power for swaying humanity than those who are equipped only with the charm of youth. No one is disposed to underestimate this charm, for it comes to all once; and partakes not only of the sweetness of the flower, but also of the evanescence.

Some one has said that "every face ought to be beautiful at 40," and another that "no old person has a right to be ugly, because she has had all her life in which to grow beautiful." The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightnings of the eyes, restful lines of self-control about the lips, serenity of the face—these things no fitful year or two of goodness gives. Only habitual graciousness within will give them all.

It is interesting to remember in connection with this that many of the women who have been famous for their beauty and fascination for men achieved their greatest triumphs between the ages of 30 and 40.

Josephine was 33 when she married Napoleon, and, judging from the letters written by the absent husband during the early years of their union, she inspired him with intense love and jealousy. It has been said that she was the only woman Napoleon ever really loved.

Mme. Recamier was most beautiful between the ages of 35 and 55, and Mme. Mars at 45 was at the zenith of her triumphs. Diane de Poitiers was 38 when she won the heart of Henry II. The King was half her age, but his devotion never changed.

Bianca Capello was 33 when the Grand Duke Francis of Florence fell captive to her charms and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Mme. de Maintenon was 43 when united to Louis, and Catherine II. of Russia was 33 when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young General Orloff. Up to the time of her death, at 67, she seems to have retained her powers of bewitchery.

Cleopatra was nearly 40 when Mark Anthony fell beneath her spell, and the most famous beauty the world has ever known, Helen of Troy, was long past 30 when she perpetrated the most notable elopement on record and set the Trojan warriors to fighting for her sake.

## Ethics of a Kiss.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope, and to an old maid, charity. —Baltimore American.

## Her Ambition.

"I will go to the ends of the earth with you," said the romantic young man.

"Oh, I am no explorer," retorted the beautiful young girl. "I'd rather you'd go as far as a little suburban cottage with me."

Official Responsibility in China. Chinese officials are held to be guilty before the Son of Heaven for floods, droughts, famines, fires and other natural calamities.

We heard a long time ago that the devil invented the fiddle, but we heard to-day that he also invented the pump.

There are so many don't's in life.

## Jackson's Statue on the Constitution.

In 1833 Commodore Elliott ordered a figure of General Jackson to be carved to take the place of a billet head which the United States frigate Constitution had carried through the war of 1812. It was placed on the bow of the frigate in June, 1834, when she left the drydock in Charlestown navy yard. The excitement among the political enemies of Jackson in Boston was intense. A meeting was called in Faneuil hall—which, however, did not take place—and anonymous letter writers threatened the life of the commodore unless the statue was removed. On the night of the 2d of July, 1834, in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, Samuel P. Dewey, a young man of twenty-eight, rowed out to the vessel and managed to saw off the head of the statue and carry it away. The head was replaced a month later in New York, and the figure remained there until 1874. It now occupies a place in the grounds of the Naval school at Annapolis.

A good story is told of a man who one day told his wife that he would give her all the silver pieces she found in his purse or pockets which were coined the year she was born.

As a result the lady in due course of time had quite an amount of silver on hand—so much, in fact, that she went to the bank and deposited it in her name.

Then, speaking to the cashier, the lady said: "My husband tells me you are going to pay him some money to-day. Will you please pay him in this silver I have just deposited? I should be so much obliged to you if you would."

Of course the cashier quickly replied that he would be happy to please her.

As a result the lady has still more birthday money. —London Answers.

## Recognized the Smell.

The sexton of an Episcopal church in Boston has many stories to tell of the remarks and comments made by visitors.

One Christmas when the church was beautifully decorated with cedars and firs an old lady walked up the aisle to the chancel and stood sniffing the air after every one else had left the church.

"Don't it smell solemn?" she said at last to the sexton as she turned away with evident reluctance. "I don't know as I ever realized just what the 'odor of sanctity' meant before today. We don't have any such trimmings in the church I attend up in the country." —Youth's Companion.

## Prices For Sermons.

Much has been said of the practice of buying and selling sermons, a practice, by the way, of no very special novelty. Just before Toplady was about to be ordained Osborne, the bookseller, the friend of Johnson, offered to supply him with a stock of original sound sermons for a trifle. "I would sooner buy secondhand clothes," was the tart reply. "Don't be offended," said Osborne. "I have sold many to a bishop." The price of sermons, as of all else, has varied with the times. In 1540 a bishop of Llandaff received from the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for a sermon on the annunciation a pike, price 2s. 4d.; a gallon of wine, eightpence, and boat hire—in all 3s. 4d. In the seventeenth century sermons seem to have been valued at about 5 shillings each.

## A Clear Course.

"She says that he is a man after my own heart."

"Then I suppose he will get it." —Judge.

## South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

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## TOWN NEWS

Glorious weather.  
Another Sunday School.  
Still time to plant trees.  
Look out for the Assessor next month.  
Journemen Butchers' Ball next Saturday.  
The Board of Supervisors will meet next Monday.  
Fresh groceries at Debenedetti & Montevaldo's.  
The roads after the storm are far from being good.  
See the notice regarding payment of water rate in this issue.  
The shooting is good on the marshes and about the water front.  
Tomorrow is the last day of the open season for quail and ducks.  
The violet gardeners are now busy cutting the fragrant blossoms for the market.  
Under-Sheriff Henry Butts came up from the county seat on business Monday.  
The gum trees at the schoolhouse have been topped to give them strength.  
Protect your property by a policy of fire insurance. E. E. Cunningham, Agent.  
Land Agent W. J. Martin piloted a party of capitalists to the water front on Thursday.  
Thursday was Lincoln's birthday. Appropriate exercises were held at the Public School.  
The Healy cottage on Miller avenue is nearly finished. Agent Keller will occupy it when completed.  
G. Silvernail has put up a small house on his lot recently purchased from the Land and Improvement Co.  
Mrs. R. B. Painton came up from San Jose on Wednesday for a visit with her son, Mr. H. G. Painton, and his good wife.  
Frank Miner has laid about 1000 feet of concrete walk around and in the grounds at his residence, besides other improvements.  
A cordial invitation is extended to all, the old as well as the young, to attend the Sunday School at Butchers' Hall, 3 p. m. every Sunday.  
Rudolph Gollink has so far recovered as to be able to leave the hospital. He is at present spending a few days with his wife and friends in Petaluma.  
Mr. Geo. E. Barker, a leading banker, of Omaha and his wife, returned home on Tuesday after spending a week here visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin.  
Of late the grounds of the Public School have been visited in the night time by parties who leave their marks in the form of whisky bottles and cigar stubs. Bob Carroll will very quickly put a stop to this nuisance.  
Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.  
That half-grown cloudburst of last Saturday was a rattler while it lasted. Wind and rain and hail, all in one, and more than a plenty. It was the nearest approach to a real storm we have witnessed in all the seven years of our sojourn in this tranquil land of soft showers and gentle breezes.  
If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.  
On Tuesday George Wight discovered the body of an infant lying beside the country road about one mile north of the Chinese Six Companies Cemetery south of Colma. The body appeared to be that of a Chinese infant, and was terribly mutilated; the legs and lower part of the body and the left arm were missing. It had been suggested that the body might have been imperfectly buried in the Chinese cemetery and torn from its superficial grave by dogs or other animals, but this surmise is an error, as it appeared from the testimony at the inquest that there has been no interment of an infant at the Chinese cemetery for more than a month. It is in all probability another case in which the body of a Chinese infant has been entrusted to an undertaker for burial, and the undertaker has turned the body over to some worthless wretch who carried it out on the country road and abandoned it. There appears to be no clew in this instance to the identity of the infant nor to the perpetrators of a most inhuman act.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A meeting was held at Butchers' Hall at 3 p. m. of Sunday last, at which 71 persons were present. Rev. Singer addressed the meeting on the subject of the needs of this community with regard to religious instruction, Sunday School, etc. The meeting decided to organize a Sunday School and proceeded to elect officers, with the following result: Superintendent, H. R. Painter; Assistant Superintendent, J. L. Wood; Secretary, Justine Du Bois; Treasurer, Phyllis Young. The meetings of the Sunday School will be held at Butchers' Hall on every Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. Mr. Hawes very kindly and generously donated the use of the hall.

## COLONISTS RATES.

Colonists rates will be put in effect again on February 15th and will be effective every day up to and including April 30th. This has been brought about by the efforts of the Southern Pacific Company. It will be of great value to the State of California, and every man, woman and child should become a missionary for the state, advising their friends in the East and urging them to take advantage of the opportunity.

## RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

### It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The February water rate must be paid on or before the last day of February. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of March and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

### REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

### ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.  
An equable and healthful climate.  
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.  
Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.  
A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.  
An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.  
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.  
Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.  
Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.  
An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

### HIGH WATER IN THE LAKES.

As a result of the heavy rainfall during the past few weeks the lakes of the Spring Valley Water Company in this county make a healthy showing. San Andreas has raised more than eight feet, and this notwithstanding the fact that water is continually being drawn from it. Crystal Springs lake, which covers a much larger area, being several square miles in extent, shows an increase of from four to six feet.—Leader, San Mateo.

### PARIS PAWNSHOPS.

**Why They Are Poor Places to Get Loans on Stolen Watches.**  
Of watches alone there are received here and at the twenty-two branch offices from a thousand to twelve hundred a day, about 350,000 in a year, the average loan on a watch being 30 or 40 francs. The official assured me that in this great number of watches scarcely one in a thousand has been stolen, the fact being that people who have come dishonestly by watches or other property fight shy of the mont de pieté. The reason of this was presently made plain as we watched the formalities of record, and I realized how difficult it would be for any one to do business here under a concealed identity. Every client receiving a loan greater than 15 francs must produce some official document—an insurance policy, a citizen's voting card, a permit to carry arms or a rent receipt bearing his signature and throwing light upon his station in life. For loans under 15 francs the client is simply required to show an envelope through the mails to his address. All these facts, with various others, are duly inscribed upon huge record sheets, so that whoever deals with the mont de pieté exposes himself to the scrutiny that must be ungrateful to folks of shady antecedents. Indeed, certain persons make this a grievance against the mont de pieté and declare the Paris system an impertinent intrusion upon a client's privacy, which would seem a point badly taken if the client is an honest man.—Cleveland Moffett on Paris Pawnshops in Century.

### Cards Disclose the 'ian.

"I wish I had not played bridge with Mr. X," said a girl recently. "I thought him so nice before, and now my liking for him has quite gone. He was so keen about trifles, insisted upon every forfeit, questioned the score and seemed so annoyed when he lost, and yet the stakes were very small, and he was only out a few dollars; so, of course, it was not the money. It must have been the disposition of the man coming out under provocation, and the test did not show him up to advantage. Now, Mr. Z, the other man at the table, was so good natured and such a gentleman in his play that I quite like him, although I never thought him attractive before."

All games of competition may be said to assay certain characteristics, but the most crucial test seems to be card playing, and bridge is responsible for many a coolness resulting from self betrayal at the green table.—New York Tribune.

### EXTRAVAGANT.

"There was a young man in Michigan," said a United States senator, "who was deeply enamored of a beautiful young lady in my town. He lived in Detroit and one day decided that the only thing for him to do was to propose. So he went to the telegraph office and sent this message: 'Will you marry me? Twenty word answer paid for.' 'An hour later he received this reply: 'You are extravagant. Why pay for nineteen words too many? No.'"

## WAS A LEADER IN SPAIN.

### Senor Sagasta, Premier During the Spanish-American War.

Spain's foremost statesman and a strong character who had by his prominence during the war between his country and the United States gained world-wide attention died the other day in the person of Senor Praxides Mateo Sagasta. His death occurred in Madrid and occasioned profound sorrow to the royal family and his countrymen. Sagasta was the Liberal leader in Spanish political matters and was several times premier of the Spanish cabinet, serving as such during the late war.

Senor Sagasta was born at Torressilla, Spain, in 1827. He was educated as an engineer, but early began a political career. In 1856, because of his course with the radicals, he was obliged to flee to France, but soon returned and actively resumed politics. In 1868, he was again obliged to leave the country, but returned in 1868 after the deposition of Queen Isabella II and ever after was prominent in national affairs. From 1881 to his retirement hardly a



THE LATE SENOR SAGASTA.

month ago as leader of the Liberals, he was generally prime minister whenever the Conservatives met with a parliamentary reverse.

Sagasta had long been classed as a shrewd politician. He was also courageous and would follow a course he believed to be right no matter how strong the opposition. He won and retained the public confidence and had come, owing to his long public service, to be considered the one man who could still do something for Spain.

A place in Spanish history was made for Senor Sagasta when, as prime minister of Spain, he was obliged to sign away the remnant of the kingdom's colonial possessions after the war with the United States. He did his best to avert the catastrophe and after the blow fell the Spaniards honored him for preserving the national dignity.

### WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

The House in Washington is rapidly decaying. After President Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theater, Washington, by Booth, he was carried to a small house on the opposite side of the street, where, surrounded by his family and the principal officers of the government, he died the following morning. Naturally this house has been one of the many interesting places in Washington and, when occupied by private tenants, fees were



WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

exacted from visitors. Some years ago it was purchased by a society, and it was thought that something would be done to preserve or repair the walls and the interior. But the expectation was not realized and the house is now rapidly going to decay. Public attention has been attracted to this distressing state of affairs and it is possible that some effort will be made to save it. The house contains the Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics.

### Decline of the Lace Industry.

An exhaustive investigation has recently been made by the Belgian ministry of industry in the various lace-making districts of Belgium from which it appears that the lace industry of that country is slowly but surely dying out. In 1875 the number of persons employed in this industry was 150,000. Now it is 47,500. The decline is due to the existence of a sweating system—the outcome of exploitation on the part of the middleman and salesman. An attempt will be made to put the trade on a sounder economic basis and thus save it to the country.

### The Horrors of War.

A local band was one day playing at Dunfermline when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what air they were playing. "That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" replied the bandmaster solemnly. "Ay, mon," replied the weaver, "ye has gien him an awfu' death."—London Tit-Bits.

## The Badger as a Fireman.

A badger which had made its home among the granite cliffs dealt with the fire god with sagacity and skill, says Nature. A friend, while painting a sea piece, discovered a badger's lair and thought to play the animal a practical joke. Gathering together a bundle of grass and weeds, he placed it inside the mouth of the hole and, lighting it with a match, waited for the ignominious flight of the astonished householder. But Master Badger was a resourceful animal and not disposed to be made a butt of practical jokers. He came up from the depths of his hole as soon as the penetrating smoke told him that there was a fire on the premises and deliberately scratched earth on the burning grass with his strong claws until all danger was past. No human being could have grasped the situation more quickly or displayed greater skill in dealing with an unfamiliar event.

### Papa's Joke.

"I think it is so silly to see a baby biting his toes," remarked the young mother.  
"Well, I don't," spoke up the young father. "It shows that he is already learning how to be thrifty."  
"Thrifty?"  
"Yes; isn't he making both ends meet?"—Chicago News.

### Plant Roots.

It is from the rootlets or small fibers of a tree or plant that its subsistence is obtained, and in the performance of its duty nature has given these delicate, tender parts wonderful strength and persistence when exerted within rules. In their search for food supply they will sometimes even penetrate soft rock to reach favored spots.

### MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at steady prices.  
SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.  
HOGS—Hogs are in demand, and at higher prices.  
PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products lower.  
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows: (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.  
CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½; 2d quality, 8½; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½; 3d quality, 5½; No. 1 Hogs, 140 to 250 lbs., 6½@6¾; over 250 to 300 lbs., 6¼@6½; rough, heavy hogs, 4¼@5; hogs weighing under 140 lbs., 6@6¼.  
SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4½@5; ewes, 4@4½. Yearling Lambs, 5½@5¾.  
CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive, gross weight, 5½@6; over 250 lbs., 4¼@4¾.  
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.  
BEEF—First quality, 10@10½; second quality, 7; first quality cows and heifers, 6½@6¾; second quality, 6; third quality, 5@5½.  
VEAL—Large, 8@8½; medium, 9@9½; small, good, 10@11; common, 8@8½.  
MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8½@9; light, 9@10; Heavy Ewes, 7½@8; Light Ewes, 8@8½; Yearling Lambs, 10@11.  
DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½.  
PROVISIONS—Hams, 12 @ 14 c; picnic hams, 9@9½; Atlanta ham, 11c.  
BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16½c; light S. C. bacon, 16c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½@13c; clear, light bacon, 14½c; clear ex. light bacon, 15c.  
BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.50; Family Beef, bbl, \$12.00; hf-bbl, \$6.50; Extra Mess, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.50.  
PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11½c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12 @ 12½c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$23.00 hf-bbls., \$11.75; Soused Pigs Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.75; do, kits, \$1.25.  
LARD—Prices are as follows: Tcs. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 8 8¼ 8½ 8¾ 8¾ Cal. pure 12 12¼ 12½ 12¾ 12¾ In 3-lb tins the price on each is ¼c higher than on 5-lb tins.  
CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.35.

## DR. J. C. McGovern

### Dentist

OFFICE: 1170 MARKET STREET

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Hours: 9 to 12 A. M. 1 to 5 P. M.

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Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

## San Mateo County Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.  
No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.  
GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

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## SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO



Staple and Fancy Groceries  
Hardware, Paints and Oils  
Crockery, Glassware, Agate-ware, Etc. \* \* \* \* \*  
Gents' Furnishing Goods  
Boots and Shoes \* \*  
Hay, Grain, Wood and Coal

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In all its Branches.  
104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.  
Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

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OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.  
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## Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—  
THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the  
Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

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### A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco. Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords. Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality. Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.  
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Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

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## SIERRA POINT HOUSE

First-Class Family Resort  
SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE ON FAMOUS SAN BRUNO ROAD.

Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.

Table First Class.

Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.

JOS. McNAMARA, Prop.



First-Class Stock

## BOOTS: and: SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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## "RYETAB" WHISKEY BEANS

Something absolutely new and with which we have experimented for years.

One Bean makes one glass Artificial Whiskey (Rye or Bourbon); six Beans to the pint. Just the thing for travelers, and convenient for picnics, excursions, etc.

Contains all the virtue of the best whiskeys without the deleterious effect. Made from the pure vegetable matter, and guaranteed to contain no poisonous or narcotic drugs of any description.

If a beverage is not desired, a Bean may be taken in the mouth without water, and the most exhilarating effect will be experienced.

BOX OF 12 BEANS 50c.

The Beans retail at 10c each, and can be procured from any druggist, fancy grocer, or first-class bar. For sale on dining cars.  
One box sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cts.

Ginseng Distilling Co.

SOLE DISTILLERS OF RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES ST. LOUIS, MO.



# A WEATHER SONG.

Don't worry 'bout the weather; if the breeze is blowin' cold,  
The world will yet have blossoms—just all your arms can hold!  
An' you'll wonder at your grievin' when the blue sky is unrolled—  
Don't worry 'bout the deather. Oh, my dearie!

Don't worry 'bout the weather; there must still be sun an' rain  
To freshen up the flowers when they want to bloom again!  
The lesson o' the love o' God to all the world is plain—  
Don't worry 'bout the deather. Oh, my dearie!

—Atlanta Constitution.

## HIS HOME COMING

**A**FTER the great battle of Shiloh had been fought and won, for many weeks that shattered wreck of what was once John Fairfax lingered on the very threshold of death in a Southern hospital.

A bullet had plowed its way through scalp and skull, and for a time the issue was uncertain; but finally the skill and care of surgeons and nurse won the day, and he who had once been John Fairfax arose and went forth into a world of strangers.

He knew no one. His own name was gone from him. The past was sealed. He knew that he must have had a name and a home, and friends; but when he tried to recall them his mind saw only a blank wall.

John Fairfax, known as John Doe, of Nowhere, the name by which a merry clerk had entered him on the hospital records, carried musket and knapsack no longer. Physically he was incapable of that, or at least the army surgeons so considered him, and he was told that he might go home.

"Home?" said he, simply. "My home is with the army. I don't remember ever being anywhere else than here, and here I'll stay. If I can't handle a gun let me drive one of the wagons, or cook for the soldiers, or do anything to help along. I've got to stay with the boys. I wouldn't know where to go if you turned me away." And so, not being able to get rid of him, John Doe was allowed to remain with the army.

He had been reported missing, and his name had been dropped from the



DEATH OF CHARLEY GREY.

muster roll of the Pennsylvania regiment to which he belonged when he went into the fight at Shiloh, and he was now assigned to a regiment from another State.

The mind of John Doe was of such recent birth, so untrained in the ways of the world that its owner soon became the standing butt and jest of the camp. Subjected to constant ridicule, sent on all sorts of foolish and impossible errands, tormented and abused by the rough and unthinking, John Doe submitted to it all with a patient forbearance that was pathetic to witness.

During the final day of the terrible battle of the Wilderness a soldier, whose canteen he had just filled with water, dropped dead in the act of raising it to his lips. The victim was Charley Grey, a young soldier who often had befriended poor, stricken John Doe when others were trying to torment him.

And during the rest of the battle John Doe loaded and fired in frenzied haste; sprang from tree to tree as the line advanced or retreated; and fought like a hero till the sun went down.

Then throwing aside his musket, he flung himself exhausted on the ground, all the wrath and fire of battle gone from him, and slept soundly till morning. Then he quietly resumed his place as cook, water carrier and servitor in general to Company H, of the 1st Massachusetts Infantry.

Cook and water carrier he remained to the end, and when Appomattox came and the cannon ceased their growling, John Doe was swept northward with the returning wave of soldiers.

And by some strange irony of fate he was left stranded in a Pennsylvania village scarcely a score of miles distant from the home from which he had gone forth to do battle for his country.

His once dark hair and beard were now a silvery white, and that and the hardships through which he had passed had made so great an alteration in his appearance that even if anyone who had known him as John Fairfax had met him there was small probability of his being recognized.

And here, within a few hours of the wife and daughter who mourned him as dead, the ex-water carrier and hero of Company H lived and toiled for 15 years, a cheerless, lonely man, with

## BIGGEST CROPS IN HISTORY.

1901  
WHEAT  
748,000,000  
BUSHELS

1902  
WHEAT  
670,000,000  
BUSHELS

1901  
CORN  
1,522,000,000  
BUSHELS

1902  
CORN  
2,523,000,000  
BUSHELS

1901  
OATS  
752,000,000  
BUSHELS

1902  
OATS  
988,000,000  
BUSHELS

## COTTON

1901  
EXPORTS  
6,638,813  
BALES

1902  
EXPORTS  
6,761,486  
BALES

## TAKEN BY NORTHERN MILLS

1901  
2,062,441 BALES

2,264,406 BALES

1902

## TAKEN BY SOUTHERN MILLS

1901  
1,667,012 BALES

1,942,881 BALES

1902

## RECORD COTTON AND GRAIN CROPS.

**A**CCORDING to figures compiled by Uncle Sam farmers in the United States have taken from the soil the past year crops having a value of \$2,557,895,416. The crops are the largest ever garnered in the history of this country, according to the experts, and their value is unprecedented in the annals of trade. To the tillers of the soil the year 1902 will go down in history as the most prosperous in their lives. It is said to be a fair estimate that the farm value of wheat, for which the farmers have disposed of half their holdings, is 65 cents a bushel. Oats have netted the farmer about 27 cents, and the balance, it is estimated, will be sold at that figure. Corn so on throughout the entire list. The basis on which the government estimates the value of the crop is not the current market quotations in Chicago, but the farm value or prices at which the producer sells his goods.

Crops.	Acreage.	Production.	Farm value.
Corn	94,743,613	2,628,638,312 bushels	Dec. 1, 1902, \$1,017,017,349
Winter wheat	28,581,426	411,738,066 bushels	266,727,475
Spring wheat	17,620,998	255,274,332 bushels	155,444,632
Oats	28,658,144	987,842,712 bushels	308,564,332
Barley	4,661,066	134,967,023 bushels	61,898,694
Rye	1,978,548	35,680,692 bushels	17,090,793
Buckwheat	804,980	14,628,770 bushels	8,654,704
Potatoes	2,966,587	294,632,787 bushels	134,111,436
Hay	39,825,227	59,587,676 tons	542,086,364
Tobacco	1,030,734	821,523,968 pounds	80,472,506
Flaxseed	8,739,700	134,954,023 bushels	61,898,694
Total value			\$2,557,895,416

great, strange, indefinable longing for something, he scarcely knew what.

At last John Doe, no longer able to work, friendless and forlorn, went forth into the highways a homeless tramp, clad in the tattered overcoat from the uniform of the country he had helped to save.

And in his wanderings he came to a little white cottage. As he stood gazing at its inviting porch a sudden faintness came over him, and he reeled and fell, striking his head heavily against the gatepost.

When he recovered by his side stood a blue-eyed girl artlessly prattling to him.

"Poor soldier man, did it hurt you to fall that way? I'm so sorry, 'cause I love the brave soldiers. My grandpa



THE HOMELESS VETERAN.

was a soldier, but grandma says he went to war and never came back. I wish he'd come, 'cause grandma is so lonesome and always cries when she tells me about him."

The homeless veteran struggled to his knees and gave one eager, inquiring look at the form and features of the pretty little one before him.

"What is your grandma's name, little one?"

"Mary Fairfax, and mamma's name is Etta Fairfax Field, and mine is Marietta Field. Isn't that a lovely name?"

"Yes, it is," said John Fairfax (John Doe no longer), rising to his feet and taking her by the hand. "Come on, deary; let us go and find grandma and

mamma, and tell them that grandpa has got home at last!"—Utica Globe.

## Mississippi's Ode Unsatisfactory.

The Biloxi Herald calls for an extra session of the Legislature to expunge the State ode. It complains that "the poor, innocent school children have to sing it; they do not like to do so. They sing it as sadly as the children of Israel did their song of joy when forced to do so by their captors in a strange land. How differently they tackle 'Dixie,' or 'America,' or anything else they like."

I love thee Mississippi-pee, Mississippi-pee I love thee.  
"Wouldn't that wring tears even from the eyes of the sugar trust? The words would inspire murder, the tune would incite suicide."

In adopting the State ode our lawmakers evidently reversed the sentiment of the philosopher who said: "I care not who makes the laws of a country—it is the maker of its songs who wields the power," or words to that effect. Living in a prosaic age, the Mississippi Legislature was indifferent in the matter—any old "ode" would do. They overlooked the burden they were placing on "the poor school children." But the light shed on their hard case by the Biloxi Herald plainly says the ode must go.—Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald.

## Sumptuously Entertained.

To find a parallel for the recent sumptuous entertainment of the German Emperor by the Earl of Lonsdale and of King Edward by other British peers and commoners one must go back to the palmy days of the French monarchy. To entertain a queen for a week the Comte D'Artois rebuilt, rearranged and refurbished his castle from threshold to turret, employing 900 workmen day and night. The Marshal De Soubise received Louis XV. as his guest for a day and night at a cost of \$400,000. "I hear," said his Majesty to the Marshal, who owed millions, "that you are in debt." "I will inquire of my steward and inform your Majesty," replied the host, hiding a yawn behind his hand.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who explained her poverty by saying an elephant stepped on her pocketbook?

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

## THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package.

In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.



## A Freak Tree.

Probably one of the most remarkable curiosities in the world is the twin tree growing in the province of Loire, southern France. This marvelous freak of nature consists of two healthy trees some twenty feet high, with brilliant foliage, the top one actually growing upon the lower.

A cavity was formed in the upper trunk of the bottom tree, which was filled with decaying bark and the accumulated dust and debris of years. This became a sort of bed, from which sprang the roots and in time produced the upper tree. Contrary to all the laws of horticulture, the life of the tree has not been injured in the least by its parasitic companion on top.

The top tree is a lime, and the peasants in the neighborhood make occasional pilgrimages to this tree, as they make a sort of tea from the buds of the lime, which, they say, on account of its peculiar growth and situation, has mysterious and beneficial powers if imbibed.

The lime is firmly rooted in the lower tree, having withstood the ravages of the wind for years, and seems to be nourished as well as if it were growing in the natural soil of the earth.

## Still Useful.

"Yes, poor old sport, when he had money he had a good time, but he went broke."

"Then starved?"

"I should say not. He secured a splendid position in a swell boarding house."

"What doing?"

"Just has to sit around in the boarding house parlor posing as the star boarder, meanwhile complaining loudly before prospective boarders about the bad case of gout contracted there."—Baltimore Herald.

## ONE TRAIT OF AN OUTLAW.

Always Willing to Stand by a Comrade in Trouble.

While Monrow was low minded, ignorant and brutal, he had one big quality that in some measure redeemed him in the eyes of the men who followed the rough life of the range. He would not desert a comrade in time of trouble, says the World's Work. Down in El Paso in the early part of his career before he had become bold enough to allow evidence of his misdeeds to become apparent he was ostensibly running a ranch and struggling along with the rest of the pioneer cattlemen. A man in his employ was caught driving off a bunch of cattle from a neighbor's herd. By some mischance the fellow fell into the hands of a newly elected sheriff and was not hanged. He was duly arraigned and held under bond of \$3,000. Monrow was present at the time and offered to go on his bond. The justice would not accept Monrow.

"Nothing but cash goes in this here court," he said.

Monrow rode away. Five days later he appeared, deposited the cash bond for his friend, furnished him with a horse, and together they headed toward the south. Within an hour a band of cattlemen picked up the trail and followed it to Rio Grande. Monrow had stolen an entire herd, rushed it across to friends in Mexico and in that manner raised the security the court demanded for his friend. Of course, the man never returned for trial, and Monrow began open operations shortly afterward.

## No Opposition.

They were holding a county convention when I reached Davisburg, and after dinner I went over to the hall to hear the speaking, says a writer in an exchange. It didn't amount to much until Sam Walker rose up and said:

"I hain't bin sayin' much around yere today, but the time has cum fur me to shoot off my voice. The ole woman is ag'in me, and my son Bill is ag'in me, but I want to go to the legislatur from this destrict. The ole woman is ag'in me 'cause I can't write. What do I want to write fur? That'll be nuff who kin without me. My son Bill is ag'in me 'cause I can't read. What do I want to read fur? Can't I sot thar and h'ar others read?"

"Yes. I want to go to the legislatur, and I hereby nominate myself. That nomination, feller citizens, is carried in my favor as slick as coon grease, and I've got jist a word mo'. I shall be right yere on 'leckshun day, and the varmint who polls a vote ag'in Sam Walker won't be residin' in this yere cold world five minits later."

## Snakes.

There exists among many persons a belief that snakes are creatures of more or less defective organization. Deprived of legs and reduced to effect their movements by sinuous windings of their elongated bodies and tails, they have an appearance of helplessness which may by itself excite compassion. Yet no mistake of the kind could well be greater. The principles of evolution suffice to make it evident that the structure of serpents must be tolerably good or else they could never have survived nature's many destructive agencies. But, in fact, their structure is a marvel of admirable contrivances and accurate adjustments, so that we must affirm them to be as perfectly adapted to their requirements and peculiar modes of life as any other animals.—Quarterly Review.

## HER FIRST \$100.

What the Delightful Creature Did With It After Much Advice.

How she acquired it it does not really matter—possibly by teaching school, painting fire screens or washing. Anyway when she found herself in possession of the sum she set about to see what she could do with it.

Certain amiable friends told her it would be very nice to buy some new dresses, hats, gloves, shoes and such. But she had a full assortment and didn't require anything of the sort. An aunt told her to invest it in a certain telegraph stock that would bring in good interest.

"But I want my hundred dollars all to myself, you know."

"Poor, foolish dear, it will all be yours, just the same. You can use the interest just the same. I know where you can draw—why, 6 per cent."

"What? That is only \$6 a year! Six dollars is awfully small by the side of this. I'm going to count it again. Maybe some of it is gone."

The very thought of such a thing made the little creature chatter. For the tenth time that day she sat down and counted the talismanic roll of bills—four twenties, one ten and two fives. It was all right, and her pulse resumed its normal beat. Suddenly she gave a little shriek of delight and jumped up and cried:

"I know just what I shall do! I'll get it—busted. I think that's what they call it!"

"Child, what are you talking about?"

"Talking about finance, auntie. I'm going to make this stingy little roll into a big one. It doesn't show off at all."

"You are queer, dear."

"I'm going to get it all in five dollar bills. I think the pictures on the fives are ever so much prettier." Life seemed more rosy after the delightful creature possessed twenty nice, crisp fivers. She counted and recounted them when another fancy came.

"I'm tired looking at these common bills. They don't jingle and ring. I'm going to get five nice, clean, new twenty dollar goldpieces." No sooner was it said than done. The table rang for two days as she tossed the bright yellow pieces about like jack stones. Even then she wasn't quite happy. The little pile of twenty dollar yellow boys looked so small. Then she scouted about and got together 100 silver dollars. She polished every one daily and played with them. Next she got 200 fifty cent pieces. But life was still an aching void. She at last owned \$100 in twenty-five cent coins. Surely she must be satisfied now. But, no; she broke into one of the quarters, felt discouraged after that and was quite unlike her old self until she found one little nickel left, the very last coin of the hundred dollars that had caused her so much trouble.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## How She Caged Him.

"Are you fond of birds?" she asked innocently as she stood at the piano fumbling the music.

"I dearly love them," he replied with never a shadow of suspicion.

Then she ran her slender fingers over the keys and began to sing, "Oh, Would I Were a Bird!"—Chicago News.

## Early Lessons in Ornithology.

Squire (to rural lad)—Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one?

Boy—By teeth, sir.

Squire—Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth.

Boy—No, sir; but I have.—Punch.

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 Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.  
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 Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.  
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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.  
 South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.  
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 Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.  
 There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.  
 South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?  
 An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.  
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